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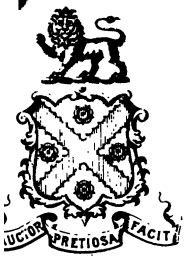

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

VOLUME XX.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DURELL AND CO.

1813.

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NEW YORK

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
Water-street, New-York.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *London, April* 22, 1736.

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to Bath. I was in hopes you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there, was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I have heard since I received the favour of your last letter, that you have been much out of order. I believe we sympathised, for I was very ill with a feverish disorder and cough for a month, which obliged me to defer answering your letter till I came to town. I left the Bath last Sunday se'nnight, very full and gay. I think Bath a more comfortable place to live in than London; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less. I was grieved at parting with Mrs. Barber. I left her pretty well. I had more pleasure in her conversation than from any thing I met with at the Bath. My sister has found *the good effect of your* kind wishes. She is very much

recovered, and in town with me at present; but leav me in a fortnight to go to my mother.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reignin madness was Farinelli:* I find it now turned on Pa quin, a dramatic satire on the times.† It has had almo as long a run as the Beggar's Opera; but, in my opinio not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstro preparations are making for the royal wedding.‡ Pear gold, and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissue I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fir multitude. The newspapers say, my Lord Carteret youngest daughter is to have the duke of Bedford.§ hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not u likely. The duke of Marlborough and his grandmothe are upon bad terms. The duke of Bedford, who h also been ill treated by her, has offered the duke Marlborough to supply him with ten thousand pounds year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowage The duke of Chandos's marriage has made a great nois and the poor duchess is often reproached with her bein bred up in Bur-street, Wapping.**

Mrs. Donnellan, I am afraid, is so well treated in Ir land, that I must despair of seeing her here: and how when I shall be able to come to her, I cannot yet dete

* A celebrated Italian singer. H.

† This was written by Henry Fielding, Esq. and was a rehearsal a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called "The Election and the tragedy, "The Life and Death of Queen Common Sense This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levell against the administration of the late Lord Orford, produced an a of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number playhouses, which was passed in 1737. H.

‡ Of Frederick, prince of Wales. H.

§ His grace married Miss Gower, daughter of the Lord Gower, *his first* wife, on the 1st of April, 1737. H.

** *She* was Lady Daval, widow of Sir Thomas Daval, and had *fortune of* 40,000*l.* H.

mine. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, sir, your faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. Delany.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

My common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourages me from all thoughts of going to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends.

As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resoluton is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: those things are all tied up, indorsed and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read: no mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them, when I am no more.

I have *a little repined* at my being hitherto slipped by *you in your epistles*; not from any other ambition than

the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shal perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, an inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the sid of poetry; I could reason against you a little from expe rience; you are, and will be some years to come, at th age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgmen is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more di ficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see yo exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly manner. Sir W. Temple said that the loss of friends wa a tax upon long life: it need not be very long, since yo have had so great a share, but I have not above one left and in this country I have only a few general companion of good nature, and middling understandings. Ho should I know Cheselden? On your side, men of fam start up and die before we here (at least I) know an thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with wha you say of Lord Bolingbroke's genius still keeping u and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the autho and useful to the world. Common reports have mad me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. Pulteney It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I lov him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, an highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing bu the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above de scribed them, and which are absolute disqualification for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you a Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, m ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as yo describe yourself, what *I must call well;* yet I have no spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) wa my only diversion. And I must expect to decline ever month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, whic *must lessen* every day: and indeed I am likewise lite *rally almost* in the same case, while every body owes m

and nobody pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary; a race of young dunces and atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.*

April 24, 1736.

I HAVE been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide; for during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expense by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr. J. R—— never fails; I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it; I will use him the same way if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I

* The paragraphs *in italics* were written by Mrs. Whiteway. H.

like your project of a satire on Fairbrother, who is an arrant rascal in every circumstance.

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ; the dean only took the hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shown you a poem on the Legion Club. *I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that, for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor* Dr. Sheridan; *I hear the reason he did not come to town this* Easter *is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.*

Whatever is said in this page by goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read: but assure you, if it relates to me it is all a lie; for she says you have taught her that art, and as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious; I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? for upon my conscience you have half starved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the dean's stockings so fine that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

If the dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him, for to my knowledge he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have writ a very masterly poem on the legion club; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a threepenny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

The Drapier *went this day to the* Tholsel *as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold, where we hear he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.*

Your's, &c.

TO BISHOP HORT.

MY LORD, *May* 12, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordship, and as often laid it aside; until, by the unmasked advice of some friends of your's, and of all my own, I resolved at last to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer who suffered so much upon your lordship's account, confined to a dungeon, among common thieves, and others with infectious diseases, to the hazard of his life; beside the expense of above twenty-five pounds, and beside the ignominy to be sent to Newgate, like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do also very highly and personally concern me. For, your lordship declaring your desire to have that paper looked for, he did, at my request, search his shop, and unfortunately found it; and, although he had absolutely refused before to print it, be-

cause my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithstanding there was a scratch through the words; yet, at my desire, he ventured to print it. Neither did Faulkner ever name you as the author, although you sent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: but your friends were the only persons who gave out the report of its having been your performance. I read your lordship's letter, written to the printer, wherein you argue, "That he is, in these dealings, the adventurer, and must run the hazard of gain or loss." Indeed, my lord, the case is otherwise. He sells such papers to the running boys for farthings a piece; and is a gainer, by each, less than half a farthing; and it is seldom he sells above a hundred, unless they be of such as only spread by giving offence, and consequently endanger the printer both in loss of money and liberty, as was the case of that very paper: which, although it be written with spirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected Bettesworth, would scarce have cleared above a shilling to Faulkner; neither would he have done it at all but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordship's commands to me. But, as your lordship has since been universally known for the author, although never named by Faulkner or me; so it is as generally known that you never gave him the least consideration, for his losses, disgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every person of my acquaintance whom I see at home or abroad: and particularly from one person too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wished, upon your account, that I could have assured him that the poor man had received the least mark of your justice, or, if you please to call it so, your generosity; which I would gladly inform that great person of before he leaves us.

Now, my lord, as God, assisting your own good management of a very ample fortune, has made you extremely rich; I may venture to say, that the printer has a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against Faulkner's will, to be an occasion of his sufferings. And if you shall please to recompense him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket; and as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character; for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your lordship has too good an understanding to imagine that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation, although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again, that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth,

Your lordship's most, &c.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR, *May* 12, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon Fowlbrother enclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookseller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads? but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However, I shall not let the dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would trust Mrs. Whiteway to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my *wife in her stead*, who loves you dearly, and would take *all proper care*, if any sickness should seize you. She

would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me: and you know her to be a good natured, cheerful, agreeable companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. Whiteway is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill natured into the bargain.

MADAM,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you) but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends' advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

SIR,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet a while; but by the next post you shall have two scholars' notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. —— can force himself to do me justice, *it will* put about twenty-five pounds in your *pocket. But then* you must remark, that you will go

twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. ——. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, sir, your's. My tenants are as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. Jones swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour Belturbet as well as Cavan. Mr. Coote would give three of his eyes to see you at Cootehill. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c. are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of them yesterday. A bull, a bull; boh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of Galway next vacation, I intend to make Dublin my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15, 1736.

Mrs. Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, *that the spring* and beginning of summer had not introduced *the muses*, and that your now walkable roads had

not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe; we have a year and a half before the club will meet to be revenged farther on the clergy, who never offended them; and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church, but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as popish and jacobite. I took leave of the duke and duchess to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000*l.* a year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts, for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say a worse) man by 60,000*l.* than he was when he came over; and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; beside the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the legion club; it is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one. What has Fowlbrother* done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, "upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia." Mrs. Whiteway will be here to-morrow, and she will answer your sincere,

* Fairbrother. See the letter by Dr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway, p. 6. N.

open hearted letter very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

* "Sir, I am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the dean. I found the good effects of them this day; when I waited on him, he received me with great good humour, said something had happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice, and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expense of giving three shillings and four pence for a wife; and he declares that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power."

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowlbrother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue: which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs. Donaldson† will let me know what I owe her,

* *Mrs. Whiteway* here begins. H.
† *An innkeeper* at Cavan. D. S.

not in justice but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. Richardson, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan; and even to Belturbet.* Pray God preserve you!

I am, &c.

TO MR. BENJAMIN MOTTE, BOOKSELLER, IN LONDON.

SIR, *Dublin, May* 25, 1736.

I LATELY received a long letter from Mr. Faulkner, grievously complaining upon several articles of the ill treatment he hath met with from you,† and of the many advantageous offers he hath made you, with none of which you thought fit to comply. I am not qualified to judge in the fact, having heard but one side; only one thing I know, that the cruel oppressions of this kingdom by England are not to be borne. You send what books

* Mr. Richardson's rectory. F.

† Motte filed a bill in Chancery in England, against Faulkner, for printing *Swift's works, to stop* the sale of them there, which made the *author write this letter.* F.

you please hither, and the booksellers here can send nothing to you that is written here. As this is absolute oppression, if I were a bookseller in this town, I would use all the safe means to reprint London books, and run them to any town in England, that I could, because whoever offends not the laws of God, or the country he lives in, commits no sin. It was the fault of you and other booksellers who printed any thing supposed to be mine, that you did not agree with each other to print them together, if you thought they would sell to any advantage. I believe I told you long ago, that Mr. Faulkner came to me, and told me his intention to print every thing that my friends told him they thought to be mine, and that I was discontented at it; but when he urged, that some other bookseller would do it, and that he would take the advice of my friends, and leave out what I pleased to order him, I said no more, but that I was sorry it should be done here.——But I am so incensed against the oppressions from England, and have so little regard to the laws they make, that I do, as a clergyman, encourage the merchants both to export wool and woolen manufactures to any country in Europe, or any where else; and conceal it from the customhouse officers, as I would hide my purse from a highwayman, if he came to rob me on the road, although England hath made a law to the contrary: and so I would encourage our booksellers here to sell your authors' books printed here, and send them to all the towns in England, if I could do it with safety and profit; because (I repeat it) it is no offence against God, or the laws of the country I live in. Mr. Faulkner hath dealt so fairly with me, that I have a great opinion of his honesty, although I never dealt with him as a printer or a bookseller; but *since my friends* told me, those things, called mine, would *certainly be* printed by some hedge bookseller, I was

forced to be passive in the matter. I have some things* which I shall leave my executors to publish after my decease, and have directed that they shall be printed in London. For, except small papers, and some treatises writ for the use of this kingdom, I always had those of any importance published in London, as you well know. For my own part, although I have no power any where, I will do the best offices I can to countenance Mr. Faulkner. For, although I was not at all pleased to have that collection printed here, yet none of my friends advised me to be angry with him; although, if they had been printed in London by you and your partners, perhaps I might have pretended to some little profit. Whoever may have the hazard or advantage of what I shall leave to be printed in London after my decease, I will leave no other copies of them here; but, if Mr. Faulkner should get the first printed copy, and reprint it here, and send his copies to England, I think he would do as right as you London booksellers, who load us with your's. If I live but a few years, I believe I shall publish some things that I think are important; but they shall be printed in London, although Mr. Faulkner were my brother. I have been very tedious in telling you my thoughts on this matter, and so I remain, sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Directions to Servants, and the History of the last Session of Queen Anne, and of the Peace of Utrecht, both since printed. N.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *London, June* 3, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My Lord Oxford told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. Cæsar very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me: but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome lawsuit with an Irish chairman. Those fellows swarm about St. James's, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the Park, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an Irish solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent counsels of our friends, Mr. L——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant, under the hand of three justices, against John Ford, without any other addition. To show his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; *but* desired I would go to any justice of peace, *and give bail* to appear the next quarter sessions. By

my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assaults, they would bring an action of eighty or a hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the Gatehouse, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his Irish solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen: and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up, unless I would pay his expenses; for his lawyer had persuaded him, that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, &c. and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the *streets in quiet*. Thus this great affair has ended like

the Yorkshire petition, which has been the chief business of the house of commons this session. Toward the end, indeed, they found a little time to show their good will to the church. It is the general opinion that the act for repealing the test would have passed, if Sir Robert Walpole had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, Lord Bathurst's two sons. In the house of lords, next to the duke of Argyle, your friend Bathurst and Lord Carteret have shown most rancour against ——. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the tories, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the church.

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most entirely yours, &c.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *June* 3, 1736.

MR. LUCAS is now in Dublin, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr. —— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. —— will be relieved. I must set out soon for Dublin. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in good *health; you must* and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish'd,
My money diminish'd;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is a hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogsheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. Vesey's family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the Legion Club touching him. Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and, upon the whole, I care not whether they believe me or not. All my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of Dublin this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the king's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us. Our breams here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor Walmsley writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to Armagh. Martin is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my Lord Orrery would only mention me to the lord primate, it would do. I know my lord chancellor is so well inclined toward me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a *secret*, upon several accounts. So much *for business, and* no more. My artichokes, I do not

mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the czarina, Kouli Kan, and the emperor will overrun Turkey. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altercated. Pray what says goody Whiteway to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but Sheridan. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease, are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man
To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.
And all that's expedient,
From your most obedient.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *June 5*, 1736.

I AM so tormented, and have been for eight days, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write: however, I begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on Monday. Surely, no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the Panegyric on the Legion Club. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore *wonder not if lines* and words be crooked. My pain

are likewise great; and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now, as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from Dublin on Thursday fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer parks at my command; Coote's, Fleming's, and Hamilton's. I have at present forty chickens, all fat: twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer) geese, turkey, &c. My hens are hatching, my house is thatching, my geese a gagling, my wife a dragling, my corn a threshing, my sheep a washing, my turf a drawing, my timber sawing, my gravel walk raking, my rollingstone making, my ale a brewing, myself a stewing, my boys a teaching, my webs a bleaching, my daughter's reading, my garden weeding, my lime a burning, my milk a churning.

In short, all nature seems to be at work,
Busy as Kouly Kan against the Turk.

I do not wonder that Mr. Towers has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. Whiteway will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and choose, where I like best. The summer has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our country; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I *make no doubt but to* plump us both up by help of some

housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: Sure I have a gravel walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease, which will last you to October. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have every thing but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. Jones will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5, 1736.

You must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter, because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the legion-club poem, for it plainly appears a work of a legion club, for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what is that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regular in your life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles* except those of lime and stone, and yet piles are not so bad as the stone. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you, though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R—— (for he does not deserve the name of Jack)

* *The author held puns in contempt, but could sometimes make himself merry with them.* H.

is gone to his six miles off country seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10*l.* odd; for I thought your first was double: or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance: although except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.—As to your venison, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for your lambs. *Addenda quædam.*

My wife a rattling,
My children tattling,
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.
My school decreasing,
My income ceasing.
All people tease me,
But no man pays me.
My worship is bit,
By that rogue Nisbit,
To take the right way,
Consult friend Whiteway.
Would you get still more?
Go flatter Kilmore.*
Your geese are old,
Your wife a scold.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend, but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan; and such a *no* summer as this: I, who am the best fly-catcher

* *Dr. Josiah Hort*, then bishop of Kilmore. H.

in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden improvements, for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free (which nothing but exercise can give) you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, *June* 15, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your ladyship, in the employment you have chosen of being a go-between the duke of Dorset and me. I must preface this letter with an honest declaration, that I never proposed any one thing to his grace, wherein I did not chiefly consult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyship from a child; and yet, excepting great personal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church preferment for any friend, except one too inconsiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the Grattans, and that they could command ten thousand men: two of them are parsons, as you whigs call them another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another cousin of their's, who is a Grattan, though his name be *John Jackson*, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own small estate, four mile

from this town, and in his own parish; but he has four children. He only wants some little addition of a hundred pounds a year; for he has laid out eight hundred pounds, to build upon his own small estate in his own parish, which he cannot leave; and we cannot spare him. He has lain a weight upon my shoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a most deserving person. His grace has now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. Ward, who died this morning, had a deanery of small value; it was a hedge deanery, my lord duke will tell you what I mean; we have many of them in Ireland: but, as it does not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great ease to him. He is no party man, but a loyal subject. It is the deanery of Cloyne: he is well acquainted with the bishop, who is Dr. Berkeley; I have reasons enough to complain of my lord duke, who absolutely refused to provide for a most worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and, therefore, if he will not consent to give this poor deanery to Mr. John Jackson, I will fall out with him forever. I desire your ladyship to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a newspaper to me the other day, wherein your saucy niece is mentioned as married, with five-and-forty thousand pounds to her fortune. I desire to present her with my most humble service, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyship still preserves your health and good humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by your education and birth, as well as by constant practice. I pray God preserve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happiness *hereafter.*

I will (notwithstanding your commands to the contrary) be so bold to tell you, that I am, with the greatest respect and esteem, madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient and obliged humble servant.

THE ANSWER.

June 23, 1736.

I OUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering your's of the 1st of May, before I thank you for that of the 15th of June: but I do not question the newspapers have informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother Henry Berkeley. And what is an addition to the grief for the best natured, honest, sincere, disinterested, friendly brother, is the having left a wife, three daughters, and two sons, literally without bread to eat: though perhaps that part might soon be made easy, if those of his relations were as willing, as they are able, to help to take care of them, which hitherto they have only the benefit of from my two nieces. She that you call the saucy one, has bestowed her very great fortune (much more than you mention) on Lord Vere Beauclerk, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country: but shall go, in about a fortnight, to Knowle; and when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of Dorset. My brother George and Lady Suffolk are gone to France to make a visit to Lord Berkeley; which I am glad

, as I hope it will induce her to go to Spa and Aix-la-hapelle, for her health, which I am afraid is very ne-ssary for her, and truly believe is all she wants to ake her easy and happy ; or else my brother George not the honest good natured man I really take him be ; and she dissembles well, if she is not so happy she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters ; but you may e by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than 'er to observe your orders, though in all things, and all times,

Your most sincere and truly humble servant,

E. G.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

AR SIR, *June* 23, 1736.

If you can believe me, I can assure you, that we ve a great pleanty of flies at Cavan ; and let me mper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices ;* t I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit servatio*, we shall have more of the Egyptian plagues, *ippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in vanniam nostram* I do not know what the devil ey will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint.* The ladies e already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *ctatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.* Ho, brave onels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic ndentes congregantur ut ipsis pavonibus pudorem in-iunt*, of which I am an eye witness, *dejectis capitibus ıdas demittunt.* Our bakers are all so busy upon this *asion, that they* double the heat of the weather, atque

urunt officinas. But when the army fires on Friday, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et spirabunt.* The noise of guns, the neighing of the horses, and the women's tongues, *cœlum atque terras miscebunt.*

Grouse pouts are come in,
I've some in my bin,
To butter your chin;
When done with our din-
—ner, through thick and thin
We'll walk out and in,
And care not a pin
Who thinks it a sin.
We make some folks grin,
By lashing their kin, &c.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster lusit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius.* You may be surprised at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my English and Latin, *cum omni lingua Gallica, Hispanica, necnon Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue, *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus, dubito, nisi radicitùs evelleretur, tonitru superaret.*

I wish your reverence were here to hear the trumpets; Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, could, might, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; *namely, the* provost, archdeacon Wall, the bishop of *Clogher, and* ——, by way of enlivening the rest. Do

not let my Lord Orrery come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. Whiteway, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr. Carte.

FROM MR. DONNELLAN.

SIR, *Corke, July* 2, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands with relation to Mr. Dunkin;* and, in pursuance of them, have writ to two of my friends among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible: which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. But, beside the right that you have to command me, I think,

* A female relation of Mr. Dunkin had bequeathed an estate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterward assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased to 100*l.* He succeeded in his application; and the earl of Chesterfield, when he had the government of Ireland, in the year 1746, gave him the school of Enniskilling, which *is very richly endowed*, and was founded by King Charles I. D. S.

Mr. Dunkin's case, as Mrs. Sican has represented it, really very worthy of compassion, and on that account likewise should be very glad I could be of some service to him. To be sure, he acted a very silly and wrong part in marrying, and in the affair of Dr. Cope's daughter; and I fear he has hurt himself very considerably in the opinion of the college by his strange behaviour at the board, without occasion. But I hope all this will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you had done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not show their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots, if they neglect purchasing the dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

My sister and I were very sorry we had not the pleasure of seeing you the morning we called at the deanery house. We were just then going out of town, and had not another opportunity of taking our leave of you. She desires me to make her compliments to you in a very particular manner. We are both exceedingly busy in getting our little house ready, and hope to remove into it next week. I shall not trouble you, sir, with a description of it, but, in a few words, it is really a very sweet little spot, and, though so near a great town, has all the advantages of a complete retirement.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not such brutes as to be insensible of the dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely

to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we have all reason to desire the continuance of; and what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO THE PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.*

Deanery House, July 5, 1736.

REV. AND WORTHY SIRS,

As I had the honour of receiving some part of my education in your university, and the good fortune to be of some service to it while I had a share of credit at court, as well as since, when I had very little or none, I may hope to be excused for laying a case before you, and offering my opinion upon it.

Mr. Dunkin, whom you all know, sent me some time ago a memorial intended to be laid before you, which perhaps he hath already done. His request is, that you would be pleased to enlarge his annuity at present, and that he may have the same right in his turn, to the first church preferment, vacant in your gift, as if he had been made a fellow, according to the scheme of his aunt's

* This letter plainly shows the author's friendship to gentlemen of genius and learning, although unacquainted with them; but, soon after this, Mr. Dunkin was introduced to the dean, who did him farther services, by recommending him to Dr. Bolton, archbishop of Cashell, who ordained him. F.

will; because the absurdity of the condition in it ought to be imputed to the old woman's ignorance, although her intention be very manifest: and the intention of the testator in all wills is chiefly regarded by the law. What I would therefore humbly propose is this, that you would increase his pension to one hundred pounds a year, and make him a firm promise of the first church living in your disposal, to the value of two hundred pounds a year, or somewhat more. This I take to be a reasonable medium between what he hath proposed in his memorial, and what you allow him at present.

I am almost a perfect stranger to Mr. Dunkin, having never seen him above twice, and then in mixed company, nor should I know his person if I met him in the streets. But I know he is a man of wit and parts; which, if applied properly to the business of his function, instead of poetry (wherein it must be owned he sometimes excels,)* might be of great use and service to him.

I hope you will please to remember, that, since your body hath received no inconsiderable benefaction from the aunt, it will much increase your reputation, rather to err on the generous side toward the nephew.

These are my thoughts, after frequently reflecting on the case under all its circumstances; and so I leave it to your wiser judgments. I am, with true respect and esteem, reverend and worthy sirs,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

* See the translation of "Carberiæ Rupes," vol. x. N.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *July* 6, 1736.

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission; and therefore I entreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my Lord Chief Baron Marley, and Mr. Justice Ward. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself: and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the Marahills and Drumcor. I wish you could sail with them hither to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. Jones, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourself; so that you must inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty: our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry,
Just ready to die:
Oh, where shall I fly
From Phœbus's eye?
In bed when I lie,
I soak like a pie;
And I sweat, oh, I sweat, like a hog in a stye.

I know you love Alexandrines; for which reas closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is very good proportion, which I hope you will set to sic; and pray let me have a bass and second tr with what other decorations and graces, you can b design than I can direct. To let you see you can for nothing, if you come to Cavan, I write you th lowing catalogue:

Good road,
A clean house,
A hearty welcome,
Good ale,
Good beer,
Good bread,
Good bed,
Young turkeys,
Young beans,
Young lambs,
Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right bacon,
Cauliflowers,
Young chickens,
Fat venison,
Small mutton,
Green peas,
Good water,
Good wine,
Young ducks,
Carrots,
Parsnips. Item—

A LONG GRAVEL WALK——

I must trouble your reverence with a small samp some things, to let you see that all I have said is t

REFERENCES.

1. Artichoke.
2. Carrot.
3. Parsnip.
4. Raspberries.
5. Gooseberries.
6. Currants, red.
7. Currants, black
8. Purslain.
9. Kidney beans.
10. Common beans.
11. Red cabbage.
12. Common cabb

13. Turnip.
14. Cauliflowers.
15. Cos lettuce.
16. Silesia lettuce.
17. Thyme.
18. Sweet marjoram,
19. A Cavan fly, and a thousand things besides.
20. Some of my gravel walk.
21. Nasturtium.
22. Cucumber.
23. Orange.
24. Spinage.
25. Onion.
26. Pea.

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 967894684673405678989732 4 times to my dear Mrs. Whiteway, and all her chickens. I am, dear sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hose rage it art us.

FROM CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

London, July 8, 1736.

You cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty *years without* a set of cheerful companions, by *herding with new* ones as the old marry and go off.

Why have not you a succession of Grattans and Jacksons? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, every body else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you spunge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since Beaufort gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My Lord Litchfield, and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the Park, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I do not like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I do not know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year; and yet I think Crossthwaite a very honest man. Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in Ireland; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raised since King Charles the First's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with

the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly: another is, the great number of enclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than England contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftener from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrongheaded, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably; and, in my opinion, so illjudged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt Lord Masham. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend Lewis is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever, most sincerely, your, &c.

My Lord Masham was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 173

I RECEIVED your two letters. The first is mix with Latin and English, one following the other: I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. I ever, for the sake of order, I will begin with answ your second letter before the first, because it dese one on account of your presents. From bogs, ri mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, ken ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c.—Mrs. Whiteway pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon e curiosity; she swears the paper of gravel was of own voiding, as she found by the smell. That whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller a nutmeg, and I confess you were somewhat unwa exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she comp with the head of a corkingpin, and the latter had victory. Your currants were invisible, and we c not distinguish the red from the black. Your pun passed very well with me, but she swore it was h leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine, will have it that for the credit of your town you w have it born there, although Mrs. Donaldson fesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and as it entered the gates. Mrs. Whiteway proceeds ther in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be a p-ss-abed; your beans as brown as herself, and o same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicesters In one thing she admires your generosity, that for sake you would spare a drop or two of your canal ter, which by the spongy bottom needs it so m *The only defects* of them all, were, that they wa

colour, sight, and smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledge them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

TO THE SAME.

I RECEIVED your letter, which began with "linga." You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and sixty; a trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve which are not entered in a letter, which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a twelvemonth hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune cheerfully. I suppose your arithmetic is, that three boys a week are a hundred and fifty nine in a year; and seven guineas a week are three hundred and sixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts; because a very honest friend of yours and mine tells me, that with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion: for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good *opinion you have of her*, and I know she always loved

and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be ab to travel. I have three other engagements on m hands, but the principal is to see the bishop of Ossor Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I a never well. Some sudden turns are every day threate ing me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly er broiled. I have a scheme of living with you, when tl college green club is to meet; for in these times I dete the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavi practices of those misrepresentative brutes; and resolv if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cava I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large book and a fair hand: not like me, who to save paper confu every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory knave, and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing t "minding," that we do by "remembering." Sirra said I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that e rand? Because I did not "mind" it, quoth Sawny. curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my berty twice a day, and going to a barrack,* the gover ment hath placed just under my nose. I think of a li in Virgil Travesty: "The d——l cut their yelpi weasands." We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rund next week. This letter was intended for last post, b interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Ache is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever; I was the yesterday and met Dr. Helsham, who hopes she was little better.—16. Here has nobody been hanged, ma ried, or dead that I hear of; Dr. Grattan is confined t a bile; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bo gain. My chief country companion now is philosoph Webber; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither

* *Afterward* called the Piddle-guard, and kept within the lib *ties of St. Patrick's*, to suppress riots. F.

be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

July 11, 1736.

Since, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. But my answer was, that he had that moment received a letter from Lord Orrery, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his, that the duke could not refuse; especially as my Lord Orrery had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy; though, at the same time he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is a very deserving one also. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extremely willing to be employed by you to him; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. No more will I agree, that you never did prevail, on any one occasion; because the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a

rule he thought right, and I knew before he had set himself.

Lady Suffolk is now at Spa, with my brother George, for her health; and as I shall go, for my own, to the Bath, in September, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *July* 20, 1736.

I RECEIVED yours some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. Donaldson, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden: and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last Sunday. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. Jones has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it. * I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My wife,*	Miss Brooke, 1, 2, 3, 4,
2 Ladies Lanesborough,	&c. &c. &c.

* *Who, by the by,* hated Dr. Swift above all the human race. D. S.

Mrs. Maxwell,
Mrs. Fitzmaurice,
Mrs. Hort,
Mrs. Hamilton,
Mrs. Sanderson,
Mrs. Nuburgh,
Mrs. Cromer,
Mrs. White,
Mrs. Nesbitt,
Her 5 daughters,
Mrs. Stephens,
Mrs. and Miss Clement,
Mrs. Tighe,
Mrs. Coote,
Miss Pratt,
Mrs. Fitzherbert,
Mrs. Jones,
Beauty Copeland,

All your Cavan mistresses.

News.

Doctor Thomson's servant almost cudgelled him to death going from a christening.

Colonel Nuburgh's fine arched market house quite finished with a grand cupola on the top, fell flat to the earth. It is now begun upon again. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Right venison,
For my benison.
Leave your stinking town in haste,
For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you. Price and I will stretch to Virginia. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

SIR, *Aug.* 6, 1736.

I DO not know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer to my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or any thing rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in Connaught, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of Connaught, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh Addison in several of his descriptions of Italy; for upon my word, I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to Cavan, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county of Kilkenny this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but Lord Athunry begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. Ireland, who was usher to Mr. Garnett, schoolmaster of Tipperary. Mr. Garnett died lately: he has given Mr. Ireland a very good certificate, and most of the gentlemen in and about Tipperary have recommended Mr. Ireland to succeed Mr. Garnett; as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. Ireland all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout; it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jaw-bone eight inches long, *and he* weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord *and I stood* by to see it measured. I believe I have

tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am your affectionate friend and humble servant,

L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at Turlaghvan, near Tuam. My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

FROM THOMAS CARTE, ESQ.

SIR, *Aug.* 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application, and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my History of the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his time, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials: and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and constitution of this nation. Rapin de Thoiras, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's Fœdera; but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want *of understanding* the phraseology of acts, which have

reference to our particular customs. Besides, Ryme collection contains only such treaties as were enroll in the tower, or in the rolls of chancery: he knew thing of such as were enrolled in the exchequer, and the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in t latter office. I have now a list of above four hundr by me. Rymer never made use of that vast collecti of materials for an English history, which is preserv in the Cotton library: nor ever consulted any journ of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, s quoting Bishop Burnet for his author. He never re the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either hou where the chief affairs within the nation are transacte and did not so much as know there was such a place the paper office, where all the letters of the English a bassadors abroad, and all the despatches of our secre ries of state at home, from the time of Edward the fou to the revolution (since which the secretaries have nerally carried away their papers) are kept in a go method, and with great regularity; so that he want likewise the best materials for an account of our forei affairs. These defects have made several of our noh ty and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in wh the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic they, may be made use of. They have proposed it me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the pense as well as labour, that, to satisfy myself, I m have all materials by me, not only copies out of our cords, journals, &c. in England; but even copies of gotiations of foreign ambassadors at this court (e. g. the French; all the negotiations and letters of whi for two hundred years past, I know where to have copi they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a ye *for as many* years as the work will require, to defr *this* expense. The subscription is begun, and will

believe) be completed this winter; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light: and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make every body open their stores.

This is one reason, among many others, which makes me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnshaw's, in Red Lion court, in Fleet-street, London.

DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Aug.* 14, 1736.

YOUR account of the dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears, and his enemies' hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for Ireland, but much more for *myself*, because I was in hopes of being

able to make my appearance in Dublin with a good grace—namely, to pay some debts, which I cannot.

My poor Lady Mountcashell has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanery for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world (you may guess who I mean) and am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice——You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my Siberia so agreeably to the dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted—My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk: but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib—who dreamed with great pleasure, that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try England, where the predominant phrase is, down with the Irish. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will choose another. In the mean time, God bless you and my dearest friend the dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. POPE.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I FIND, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'yes, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love, and I grow laconic even beyond laconism; for sometimes I return only yes, or no, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull; and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of your's to——Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? the thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice *or thrice a year at most*. Can you possibly think he

can neglect you, or disregard you? if you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed. For believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: a genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the king, queen, and prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man: you do not know the figure his name and your's will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done, and can do, neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *Sept.* 2, 1736.

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; do not flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the Bath and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand; most of my Dublin correspondents being removed to Cork, to Wicklow mountains, and the Lord knows where. I should have made this inquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment, which is making a grotto in Sir John Stanley's garden at North End; it is chiefly composed of shells I had from Ireland. My life, for two months past, has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by Rollin's History of the Ancients, in French. I am very well pleased with it; and think your Annibals, Scipios, and Cyruses, prettier fellows than are to be met with nowadays. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night *before last; and if it* does not, a few days hence, appear

better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir John Stanley has been all the summer at Tunbridge.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. Pope's accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one; he was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. Pope after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is Talbot: she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman, as Mr. Pope is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you, instead of him. I shall be impatient till I hear from you again; being, with great sincerity, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you would like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me as an older acquaintance could make you give me the preference.

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. Delany.* Sir John Stanley says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

* This lady was some time afterward married to Dr. Delany. N.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *September* 15, 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. Henry by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pounds were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six per cent. that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed, if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should charge only five per cent. because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. Whiteway know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss Harrison, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember, if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. Tully the carrier (not Tully the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does) by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six quarts of nuts to my mistress* in Abbey-street, with a fine pair of Cavan nut-crackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather) otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with her's. Alas! my

* *Mrs.* Whiteway. D. S.

long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement.

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. Whiteway rid your mare at the Curragh, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolick so far. They say the primate's lady* rid against her; and that Mrs. Whiteway, by way of weight, carried the bishop of Down and Connor behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. Faulkner writ to me for some poems of your's which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcasses, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprises me most is, that the bell rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or archdeacon Wittingham, or archdeacon Wall. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will outlive every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will your obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Mrs. Boulter, the primate's lady, was very lusty. D. S.

TO WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ESQ.

AT HIS HOUSE AT SUMMERSEAT, NEAR COLRANE.

SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 23, 1736.

I HAD the favour of a letter from you about two months ago; but I was then, and have been almost ever since, in so ill a state of health and lowness of spirits, that I was not able to acknowledge it; and it is not a week since I ventured to write to an old friend upon a business of importance. I have long heard of you and your character; which, as I am certain was true, so it was very advantageous, and gave me a just esteem of you, which your friendly letter has much increased. I owe you many thanks for your goodness to Mr. Warburton and his widow. I had lately a letter from her, wherein she tells me of the good office you have done her. I would be glad to know whether she has been left in a capacity of living in any comfortable way, and able to provide for her children; for I am told her husband left her some. He served once a cure of mine; but I came over to settle here upon the queen's death, when consequently all my credit was gone, except with the late primate, who had many obligations to me, and on whom I prevailed to give that living to Mr. Warburton, and make him surrogate, which he lost in a little time. Alderman Barber was my old acquaintance. I got him two or three employments when I had credit with the queen's ministers; but upon her majesty's death, he was stripped of them all. However, joining with Mr. Gumley, they both entered into the South Sea scheme, and the alderman grew prodigiously rich: but by pursuing too far, he lost two-thirds of his gains. *However, he bought* a house with some acres near Rich-

mond, and another in London, and kept fifty thousand pounds, which enabled him to make a figure in the city. This is a short history of the alderman, who, in spite of his tory principles, got through all the honours of London. I cannot tell whether his office of governor of your society be for his life, or only annual: I suppose you can inform me.

Your invitation is friendly and generous, and what I would be glad to accept, if it were possible; but, sir, I have not an ounce of flesh about me, and cannot ride above a dozen miles in a day without being sore and bruised and spent. My head is every day more or less disordered by a giddiness; yet I ride the strand here constantly when fair weather invites me. But if I live till spring next, and have any remainder of health, I determine to venture, although I have some objections. I do not doubt your good cheer and welcome; but you brag too much of the prospects and situations. Dare you pretend to vie with the county of Armagh, which, excepting its cursed roads, and want of downs to ride on, is the best part I have seen of Ireland? I own you engage for the roads from hence to your house; but where am I to ride after rainy weather? Here I have always a strand or a turnpike for four or five miles. Your being a bachelor pleases me well; and as to neighbours, considering the race of squires in Ireland, I had rather be without them. If you have books in large print, or an honest parson with common sense, I desire no more. But here is an interval of above six months; and in the mean time, God knows what will become of me, and perhaps of the kingdom, for I think we are going to ruin as fast as it is possible. If I have not tired you now, I promise never to try your patience so much again. I

am, sir, with true esteem, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I hear your brother, the clergyman, is still alive: I knew him in London and Ireland, and desire you will present him with my humble service.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN STANLEY, BART.

SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 30, 1736.

I HAVE had, for several months, a strong application made me, by a person for whose virtue, honour, and good sense, I have a great esteem, to write to you in behalf of one of your tenants here, whose case I send you enclosed; and if he relates it with truth and candour, I expect you will comply with his request, because I have known you long, and have always highly esteemed and loved you, as you cannot deny: I know you will think it hard for me, or any one, to interfere in a business of property; but I very well understand the practice of Irish tenants to English landlords, and of those landlords to their tenants. Yet, if what Mr. Wilding desires is rightly represented, that he has been a great improver, his offers reasonable, his gains by no means exorbitant, and his payments regular, you neither must nor shall act as an Irish racking squire. I have inquired about this tenant, and hear a good account of his honesty; and that worthy friend, who recommends him to me, durst not deceive me: so I fully reckon that you will obey my commands, or show me strong reasons to the contrary; in *which case I will break* with that friend, and drive your

tenant out of doors, whenever he presumes to open his lips again to me on any occasion.

I have one advantage by this letter, that it gives me a fair occasion of inquiring after your health, and where you live, and how you employ your leisure, and what share I keep in your good will. As to myself, years and infirmities have sunk my spirits to nothing. My English friends are all either dead or in exile, or by a prudent oblivion, have utterly dropped me; having loved this present world. And as to this country, I am only a favourite of my old friends the rabble, and I return their love because I know none else who deserve it. May you live long happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest of mankind. And if ever you happen to think of me, remember that I have always been, and shall ever continue, with the truest respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

I know not the present state of your family; but, if there be still near you the ladies I had the honour to know, I desire to present them with my most humble service.

I am now at the age of blundering in letters, syllables, words, and half sentences, as you see, and must pardon.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Nov. 2, 1738.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between *his* grace and you; and he also is troubled at it,

as the person you recommend, is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. Molloy, who was Lord George's second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer, or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for the Bath. So adieu! dear dean.

FROM MRS. BARBER.

SIR, *Bath, Nov.* 3, 1736.

I SHOULD long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, Heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to Ireland, and generously offering to contribute to support me there? But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burdensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend who you say, sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not as-

sure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of letting lodgings, your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health, has made you think of it for me; it is impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling Irish linen, which I find is coming much into repute here: in that way, my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from Bath, I have reason to think that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; beside this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son,* who is learning to paint, goes on well; and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at Bath; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be ever so indifferent: and I am in hopes that Con,† may settle here. Dr. Mead, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself till then: and I find Mr. Barber is very willing to do what he can

* Mr. Rupert Barber, an eminent painter in crayons and miniature. F.

† Dr. Constantine Barber, a very learned physician, and president of the college of physicians in Dublin. Some of his poems are printed in the collection of his mother. F.

for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are; nor, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms; that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable: and if I live till my son the painter goes into business, he might be with me. As for Con, if he does not choose to settle here, good Dr. Helsham, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to Ireland.

I have now, sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation; and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me, I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour; which, if you, sir, condescend to grant, would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King of Oxford was last in Ireland, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on Polite Conversation, and gave such an account of it in London, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady Worseley, who heard of it from Mrs. Cleland,* and many more of my patronesses, pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your original poems; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you, above a year ago, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have

* Lady Worseley, wife of Sir Robert Worseley. Mrs. Cleland, wife of Major William Cleland, a friend of Mr. Pope, and author of the Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem. B.

thought it a shame to presume farther upon your goodness: but, when I was last in London, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and indeed I have attempted it many a time since, but never could till now.——I humbly beseech you, sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended with me for asking it; for it was others, that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and, that since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. Swift wrote; and indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; among others, Lady Carteret, and Mrs. Spencer;* who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. Spencer's account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the Bath waters; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of that kind: I know, sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try so agreeable a medicine, prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for your own sake, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be its de-

* Daughter of Lord Carteret, married, first to the honourable John *Spencer*, brother to the duke of Marlborough, and afterward to *William, second Earl Cowper.* B.

ence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. Temple* was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine Madeira, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit Moor park once again. Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Paris, Nov.* 9, *o. s.* 1736.

As soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from Edinburgh to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a Laplander,† and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with

* John Temple, Esq. nephew of Sir William Temple, whose grand daughter he married. He was brother to Lord Viscount Palmerston. B.

† This alludes to the doctor's satire called "The Toast," which he pretends was written originally in Latin by Frederick Scheffer, a Laplander. This poem is now exceedingly scarce. It is reprinted, but without *the notes and observations*, in the Foundling Hospital for Wit. N.

some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country: for the first man I spoke to in Paris, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forgot my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from London, where I propose to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole English nation. As to the history, the dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter, which is serious: for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in Scotland. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend Edinburgh; and yet the s——ks, which are so much complained of there, are not more offensive, than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the French say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un Paris.* As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it; and then I will write to the dean, and give him some account of his old friend my Lord Bolingbroke. When the dean is informed of *what* that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will *be* a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of

his history. In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the honour he hath done me, not in the French sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to Miss Harrison, and tell Mr. Swift* I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Nov.* 21, 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villany of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of millstones were stolen and carried off from within two miles of Quilca; the thieves traced and pursued as far as Killishandra, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that lost them.

* Mr. Swift was at this time in Ireland, but returned to Oxford the spring following. *D. S.*

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the rec
of our dear friend the dean. May he live long to
his friends, and the vexation of his enemies! I
been for a week past composing an Anglo-latin let
him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will
him a visit upon his birth-day, which I intend to
brate with some of his own money, and some of hi
friends here. Three tenants have lately run awa
thirty pounds of my rent: I have by good fortu
one rich honest man in their place, who has comm
from September past, and is to pay me their arrea
next May; so that I am well off. I will gather
as I can for the dean; but indeed he must have a
longer indulgence for me. It is very hard th
Squire —— should keep my money in his pocket,
it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it
keep him in coals for two or three years; for the d
one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitche
his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day wr
complaint of him to my scholar —— of ——, w
hope, will have gratitude enough to do me j
There never was known such a scarcity of money
have in the north, owing to the dismal circumsta
some thousands of families preparing to go off, tha
turned their leases and effects into ready money.
squires will have their whole estates left to them
and their dogs. O what compassion I have for
I have written a little pretty birth-day poem
St. Andrew's day, which, when corrected, revise
amended, I intend for Faulkner to publish. I do
you, madam, it is a very pretty thing (although I
that should not say it) and as humorous a thing
you read in your life; and I know the whole
will be in love with it, as I am with you. But h

devil came you to tell the dean you are no longer my mistress? I say that you are, and shall be so in spite of the whole world.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Nov.* 30, 1736.

I HAD proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent headach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have, however, as in annual duty bound attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort, however, I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the dean; and pardon this trouble from, madam,

Your most obliged, most obedient servant,

W. DUNKIN.

TO MR. POPE.

December 2, 1736.

I THINK you owe me a letter, but whether you do or *not, I have not been* in a condition to write. Years

and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably; but the latter for want of good weather at this season is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singulæ de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you began to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine. I mean, Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a contemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow; in short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs, as well as my own life. May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. My Lord Orrery writes to *you to-morrow*, and you see I send this under his cover, *or at least* franked by him. He has 3000*l.* a year *about Cork*, and the neighbourhood, and has more than

three years rent unpaid; this is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he has not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave has restored his health. How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my Lord Bathurst, and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. Patty Blount, and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*,* is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales.—My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.—I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

* "Ill-natur'd *censor* of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past."

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.*

SIR, *Castlcdurrow, Dec.* 4, 173

IT is now a month since you favoured me with y letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may suade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; b am too sensible of the honour you do me, to suffer a respondence to drop, which I know some of the gre men in this age have gloried in. How then must heart be elated! The fly on the chariot wheel is too a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a w enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I ima there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; who knows but even this reptile may pride itself i curls and twists before its benefactor? This is n than the greatest philosopher can determine. Gue are the privilege of the ignorant, our undoubted ri and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acqu ing you I was at your door. I greatly commend your economy and the company you admit at you ble. I am told your wine is excellent. The additi groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fan am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this k dom; though it is not my happiness to be so q fied as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieve to think I was a favourite of Dean Alrich, the gre man who ever presided in that high post; that Virgil and Horace, Rag† and Phillips smoked ma pipe, and drank many a quart with me, beside the

* William Flower, Lord Castledurrow; whose son Henry wa *ated Lord Viscount* Ashbrook in 1751. N.

† *Edmund* Smith, usually called Rag Smith. N.

pense of a bushel of nuts, and that I am now scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to enclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *anus* of the world, our metropolis. His grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and refit myself for the public; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. Woodward's shield;* though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next month for England. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a pot of woodcocks for a christmas box: small as the present is, pray believe

* The character of Dr. Cornelius Scriblerus, in the memoirs of his son Martinus Scriblerus, is intended for Dr. Woodward, who wrote a dissertation on an ancient shield; and Dr. Cornelius is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with its *venerable rust upon* it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared *to be nothing* more than an old sconce without a nozzle. H.

I am, with sincere respect, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

I hope you are as well as the news says. *A propos*, can you agree with me, that the little operator of mine, whom you saw lately at his grace of Dublin's, has a resemblance of your friend Mr. Pope?

Verses by Lord CASTLEDURROW, enclosed in the above letter.

Lætitia's Character of her Lover rendered in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire;
The young, in their turn, set his heart all on fire.
And sometimes again he abhors womankind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen. HOR. 1. Od. XI

No more shall frolick youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
And never be unbarr'd thy door.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, *London, Dec.* 7, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the history. You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those public pieces, which you determine should be inserted at length; I mean Sir Thomas Hanmer's representation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two tracts as an appendix to the history, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the Earl of Oxford, in the pamphlet of 1715, agrees with the character given of the same person in the history. Perhaps, on a review, you may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of Guiscard, and the quarrel between Rechteren and Mesnager. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the gazettes, or any other newspapers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this history should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with

the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ. ALDERMAN OF LONDON.

Dublin, Dec. 8, 1736.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I AM glad of any occasion to write to you, and therefore business will be my excuse. I had lately a letter from Mrs. Warburton, the widow of him for whom I got a living in those parts where your society's estate lies. The substance of her request is a public affair, wherein you and I shall agree; for neither of us are changed in point of principles. Mr. John Williams, your society's overseer, is worried by a set of people in one part of your estate, which is called Salter's Proportion, because he opposed the building of a fanatic meeting-house in that place. This crew of dissenters are so enraged at this refusal, that they have incensed Sir Thomas Webster, the landlord (I suppose under you) of that estate, against him, and are doing all in their power to get him discharged from your service. Mr. Warburton was his great friend. By what I understand, those factious people presume to take your timber at pleasure, contrary to your society's instructions, wherein Mr. Williams constantly opposes them to the utmost of his power, and that is one great cause of their malice. Long may you live a bridle to the insolence of dissenters, who, with their pupils the atheists, are now wholly employed in ruining the *church; and* have entered into public associations subscribed and handed about publicly for that purpose

I wish you were forced to come over hither, because I am confident the journey and voyage would be good for your health: but my ill health and age have made it impossible for me to go over to you. I have often let you know that I have a good warm apartment for you, and I scorn to add any professions of your being welcome in summer or winter, or both: pray God bless you, and grant that you may live as long as you desire, and be ever happy hereafter. Is our friend Bolingbroke well? He is older than either of us; but I am chiefly concerned about his fortune: for some time ago a friend of us both writ to me, that he wished his lordship had listened a little to my thrifty lectures, instead of only laughing at them. I am ever, with the truest affection, dear Mr. Alderman, your most hearty friend, and obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

This letter, I suppose, will reach you, although I have forgot your street and part of the town.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, *London, Dec.* 21, 1736.

I WAS at the Bath when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore, I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay till my return to London, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physic and water drinking. My constitution *must* certainly be a pretty good one; for, it *has resisted the* attacks of five eminent physicians for

five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them.

For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. Stopford's good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of Dorset, who I dare say will in time do more for him, because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must be a deserving man, since John Gay assured me he was a very particular friend of your's. I afterward, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in Tully's Offices, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of Dorset, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more among you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord Essex will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to show some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from France, who assures me, the person you inquire after,* and to whom you gave so many lec-

* Lord Bolingbroke. N.

tures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination toward it, though near ninety years old.* I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope showed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord Chesterfield says, if he does not come by Twelfth-day, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bonesetter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road, was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, no Hanover whore! no Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, she was no Hanover whore! she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

* Lord St. John of Battersea, father of Lord Bolingbroke. N.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risk the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good? You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished; and yet I dare say I do not know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to Lord Carteret, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

FROM MR. POPE.

Dec. 30, 1736.

Your very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: and indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, *by one common* acquaintance, for any affliction or any *infirmity*. But to our true friend we may, we must

complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality, must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my Book of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus,

Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
*Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias!**

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in

* "*How pants my* heart old friendship to renew!
How pierc'd with grief old loves decay'd! view!"

your hands, will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke, and one of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year 1723) and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly; except one passage concerning Dawley which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost; (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But, as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room;* so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use by accident. Thus I have acquired, without

*There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man (labouring and impatient under his infirmities) and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. WARBURTON.

my seeking, a few chance acquaintance,* of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday: and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now than these I see daily. You, dear sir, are one of the former sort to me, in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I do not know whether it is not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any farther intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: let me drop into common things. Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. Adieu.

* Some of those new friends were, I know, displeased at the manner in which they are mentioned in this letter. Dr. Warton.

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, *Castledurrow, Jan.* 11, 1736-7.

I RECEIVED the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon.

I am delighted with the sketch of your *Imperium*, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir Robert.* Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The economy of your table is delicious; a little and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of Corelli's *orcastro*,† in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than Lord Chancellor Middleton; his table the neatest served of any I

* A name he gave his house-keeper, Mrs. Brent. N.

† His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. Corelli, the famous Italian musician and composer, and director of the pope's choir at Rome, was eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert. B.—He was so affected with the character and abilities of our famous Harry Purcell, that, as fame reports, he declared him to be the only thing in England worth seeing; and accordingly resolved on a journey hither, on purpose to visit him; and is said by some to have died on the road: others say that he died at Rome, about 1733. N.

have seen in Dublin, which to be sure was entirely owing to his lady. You really surprise me, when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. Dublin is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Not any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence, than our present viceroy.* He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you have any commands to England for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival in town, I shall send a message in form for audience; but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority; for, as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you

* The duke of Dorset. H.

to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, *Jan.* 29, 1736-7.

I owe your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great mogul; while the very few honest or moderate men of the whig party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but entirely by consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, *of the difficulties* that great men lay under, in the

points of promises and employments: but a plain honest English farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a piece for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve silently, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of Dorset.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health has driven you to the Bath; the same cause has hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But I am at a time of life when I am to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left; while you, madam, I hope and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which Heaven bestowed on you, for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Suffolk, and your happy brother. I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

TO JOHN TEMPLE, ESQ.

SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 1736-7.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. Dingley, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not *mention or inquire* after her. She is quite sunk

with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty support. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your aunt's picture* is in Sir Peter Lely's best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. Dingley. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: and if I live any time, I shall see that she keeps herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known.

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. Hatch can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family house at Moor park. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factura nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in the hollow ground just before the house: but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he has an Irish title (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my Lord Castledurrow,† who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by

* Picture of Lady Giffard, sister of Sir William Temple. N.

† Nephew to Mr. Temple; his father having married Mary, the *fourth* daughter of Sir John Temple. N.

taking his son* with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady,† with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me.

I am, sir,

Your most humble faithful servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, *March* 7, 1736-7.

I must begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health and old age; and yet I confess that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues, urges me on to retain some little place in your memory, for the short time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letter is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country with more than an old Roman spirit; which has reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far, as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did not receive the letter you mention from Bath; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers of the post offices here and in London have

* Henry, created Viscount Ashbrook, Sept. 30, 1751. N.

† Mr. Temple was the nephew, and his lady the grand daughter of Sir William Temple; by his only son, who died young. Mr. Temple died at Moor Park, in Feb. 1752. N.

grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. Stopford was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morals and religion.*

Indeed, we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of Dorset's having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us; particularly in his disposal of two bishoprics, and other church as well as civil preferments. I wrote to a lady in London, his grace's near relation and intimate, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself)

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. Pulteney's letter, dated *Dec. 21, 1736.* H.

betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again;* and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he has seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles; but failed in both.

The father of our friend in France† may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager, that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in England, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindness as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to England, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an academic, *Nego consequentiam.* And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the French call *plein de vie.* As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. Mapp while it was new to us: there was something humourous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage for your friend Carteret that he will oppose any step toward arbitrary power? He has promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm, and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning

* See his letter to Lady Betty Germain, June 29, 1736-7. H.

† The friend in France appears to be Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, whose father, Sir Henry St. John, bart. had been created Baron St. John of Battersea, and Viscount St. John, July 2, 1716. B.

and good sense he has, to a great degree, if the lov riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he has besto you, to be the chief support of liberty to your cou and let all the people say, Amen.

I am, with the truest respect,
and highest esteem, sir, your, &c.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, *Cork, March* 15, 1736-

I RECEIVED your commands, by Faulkner, to wri you. But what can I say? The scene of Cork is the same; dull, insipid, and void of all amusement. sacred majesty was not under greater difficulty to out diversions at Helvoetsluys, than I am here. butchers are as greasy, the quakers as formal, and presbyterians as holy, and full of the Lord, as us all things are in *statu quo;* even the hogs and gruntle in the same cadence as of yore. Unfurni with variety, and drooping under the natural dulne the place, materials for a letter are as hard to be fo as money, sense, honesty, or truth. But I will w on; Ogilby, Blackmore, and my Lord Grimston,* l done the same before me.

I have not yet been upon the Change; but am that you are the idol of the court of aldermen. T have sent you your freedom. The most learned of t having read a most dreadful account, in Littleton's tionary, of Pandora's gold box, it was unanimo agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so da

* Author of "Love in a Hollow Tree." R.

ius a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, iat Pandora was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. Littleon forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the nsuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. ut I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, hen I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from England speak of great combustions. bsalom continues a rebel to royal David: the Achitobels of the age are numerous and high-spirited. The nfluence of the comet seems to have strange effects ready. In the mean time, here live we, drones of ork, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine.* Heaven, and all good stars protect you! or let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are afe, and unsinged, who cares whether Persia submits its overnment to the renowned Kouli Khan, or that beardless unexperienced youth, the Sophi. At least the vicar f Bray and I shall certainly be contented.

ORRERY.

FROM THE SAME.

EAR SIR, *Cork, March* 18, 1736-7.

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have received* from r. Pope, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, ot caring to trust the original to the accidents of the ost. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of Curll's Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you (one from Mr. Pope, the other from Lord Bolingbroke) ust published, with an impudent preface by Curll. You ee, Curll, like his friend the Devil, glides through all

* *See the next letter.*

keyholes, and thrusts himself into the most priva nets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pop uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I from Dublin (which he has not yet received) moved all anxiety of that kind. In the last d I had with you on this topic, you remember you he should have his letters; and I lost no time i him know your resolution. God forbid that a papers belonging to either of you, especially suc as your familiar letters, should fall into the h knaves and fools, the professed enemies of you particular, and of all honest and worthy men ral!

I have said so much on this subject, in the lat hours you allowed me to pass with you at the that there is little occasion for adding more up present; especially as you will find, in Mr. Pop to me, a strength of argument that seems irr As I have thoughts of going to England in Ju may depend upon a safe carriage of any pa think fit to send him. I should think myself pa ly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that p It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest my life; which, whether long or short, shall be ly spent in endeavouring to do what may be ac to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear sir, y faithful and obliged humble servant,

ORRI

MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of your friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before, I wrote a letter to the dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before, for near a twelvemonth past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy; which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I enclose to you, that you may show him. The man's declaration, "that he had these two letters of the dean's from your side the water," with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet the dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this: and, the third time silent. I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and in whatever hands, while they are Irish hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases like to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by showing him what I write. I told him as soon as I found myself obliged to publish

an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, they would not add more credit to the dean's memory, by their management of them, than I by mine: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have with it some judgment at least, I presume my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many of his works will live; which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and Curll, and every body else, may say and lie of me as *they will*: the dean, old as he is, may have the task to *defend me*.

TO MR. GIBSON.

MR. GIBSON, *March* 23, 1736-7.

I DESIRE you will give my hearty thanks to Mr. Richardson for the fine present he has made me; and I thank you for your care in sending it me in so good a condition. I have invited several friends to dine upon it with me to-morrow, when we will drink his health. He has done every thing in the genteelest manner, and I am much obliged to him. I am your friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible, and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than

servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life, and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and I firmly hope your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to see you in England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a seasickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death; and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him, at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species, as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves in it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands, and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so rely

depend on; and bring with you your old house-
r and two or three servants. I have room for all,
rt for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for
We could, were we together, contrive to make our
ays easy, and leave some sort of monument, what
s two wits could be in spite of all the world.
t.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

Arlington-street, March 24, 1736-7.

'HIS day attended the cause* you recommended to
ı your letter of the 3d of January: the decree was
ıed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivo-
and 100*l.* costs given to the respondent. Lord
urst attended likewise. The other lords you men-
I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot de-
your messages, though I pity them in being out of
favour. Since you mention Greek, I must tell
that my son, at sixteen, understands it better than
at twenty, and I tell him, "Study Greek;" ϗ ȣδὲν
ἦε ταπεινὸν ἔνθυμηθήση ȣ̓τε ἄγαυ ἐπιθυμήσεις τινὸς.
:nows how to construe this, and I have the satis-
ın to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and
if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy

our late lord lieutenant† told me, some time ago, he
ght he was not in your favour. I told him I was

n appeal of Dennis Delane, gentleman, complaining of an or-
decree of dismission of the court of chancery in Ireland, the
f February, 1731, made in a cause wherein the appellant was
iff, and another Dennis Delane, son of George Delane, and se-
others, were defendants. N.
e duke of Dorset. H.

of that opinion, and showed him the article of your ter relating to himself: I believe I did wrong: not you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but cause it was vanity in me, to produce your ackn ledgments to me for providing for people of learn some of which I had the honour to promote at your sire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. I have not heard that since they have disturbed peace of the kingdom, or been jacobites, in disgrac you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects accept to Mr. Delany. He sent me potted woodcocks in fection, which Lady Granville, my wife, and child have eat, though I have not yet answered his le My Lady Granville reading your postscript, bids tell you, that she will send you a present; and if knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. me know, and it shall be done, that the first of th mily may no longer be postponed by you to the t place. My wife and Lady Worseley desire their spects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; bu I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I forever, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

CARTERET

When people ask me, how I governed Ireland? I s that I pleased Dr. Swift.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

TO JOHN BARBER, ESQ. ALDERMAN OF LONDON, QUEEN SQUARE.

Dublin, March 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

You will read the character of the bearer, Mr. Lloyd, which he is to deliver to you, signed by the magistrates and chief inhabitants of Colrane. It seems your society has raised the rents of that town, and your lands adjoining, about three years ago, to four times the value of what they formerly paid; which is beyond all I have ever heard even among the most screwing landlords of this impoverished kingdom; and the consequence has already been, that many of your tenants in the said town and lands are preparing for their removal to the plantations in America; for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the adjoining northern parts to the same plantations; I mean the oppression by landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider that no society can, or ought in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire who lives upon his own estate, and is able to distrain in an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, that they may depend upon receiving their rents, and thereby be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus, bishops, deans and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as at half the value; and when they raise those rents which are scandalously low, it is ever by degrees. I have many instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as in that of my chapter. Although my own lands, as dean, be let for four-fifths under their value, I have not raised them a sixth part *in twenty-three years*, and took very moderate fines.

On the other side, I confess there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle; and therefore I told Mr. Lloyd my opinion, that if you could be prevailed on just to double the old rent, and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner; for I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must of necessity decline every year. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent, but not by such leaps as you are now taking; for you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who laid every second day a golden egg; upon which her mistress killed her, to get the whole lump at once. I am told that one condition in your charter obliges you to plant a colony of English in those parts: if that be so, you are too wise to make it a colony of Irish beggars. Some ill consequences have already happened by your prodigious increase of the rent. Many of your old tenants have quitted their houses in Colrane: others are not able to repair their habitations, which are daily going to ruin, and many of those who live on your lands in the country, owe great arrears, which they will never be in a condition to pay. I would not have said thus much in an affair, and about persons to whom I am an utter stranger, if I had not been assured, by some whom I can trust, of the poor condition those people in and about Colrane have lain under, since that enormous increase of their rents.

The bearer, Mr. Lloyd, whom I never saw till yesterday, seems to be a gentleman of great truth and good sense; he has no interest in the case, for, although he lives at Colrane, his preferment is some miles farther; *he is now going* to visit his father, who lives near Wrexham, not far from Chester, and from thence, at the de-

sire of your tenants in and near Colrane, he is content to go to London, and wait on you there with his credentials. If he has misrepresented this matter to me in any one particular, I shall never be his advocate again.

And now, my dear friend, I am forced to tell you, that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness are more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. The public corruptions in both kingdoms allow me no peace or quiet of mind. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age. I hope, and am told, that it is better with you. May you live as long as you desire, for I have lost so many old friends, without getting any new, that I must keep you as a handsel of the former. I am, my long dear friend, with great esteem and love,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

When I would write to you, I cannot remember the street you live in.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, *Cork, April* 3, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thousand arguments for your quitting Ireland. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate Achæmenides amidst tyrants and monsters——Do you not remember the description of Polypheme and his den?

—— Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis
Intus opaca, ingens, ipse ardurus, altaque pulsat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
*Visceribus miserorum et sanguine vescitur atro.**

Remember also, that

Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.†

Translate these lines and come away with me to Marston; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate;* there you shall see the famous *Sacsockishkash*, and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; whilst we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness. If you ever can think seriously, think so now; and let me say with the curate of my parish, consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. Whiteway shall be truly welcome to Marston's homely shade. Hector shall

* "The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
One monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies.
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue,
Ye God, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughtered wretches are his food,
And for his wine, he quaffs the streaming blood."

DRYDEN.

† "Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep,
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides they stalk from steep to steep."

DRYDEN.

fawn upon the doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of Sir Robert Walpole.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to England; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as true piety as Æneas bore the ancient Anchises on his shoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from Greeks, and from ruined Troy!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and six is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in Steven's-green about the first of next month. In the month of June, I will hope to set sail with you to England. Mr. Pope will come out beyond the shore to meet you: you will exchange Cyclops for men; and if one must fall, surely the choice is right:

*Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.**

My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation; you shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to Somersetshire, I will eat one for joy.† The best in England are made in my manor.

I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate, obliged, and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

* "I die content, to die by human hands." DRYDEN.

† The earl of Orrery hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarcely bear the sight of it. D. S.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover-street, April 7, 1737.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

I AM extremely obliged to you for several lett which I, with great shame and concern, acknowle that I have not answered, as also several remembran of me and my family in your letters to Mr. Pope stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accou I dare say you will do me that justice, that you will attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglec you, or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, t I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I h you will pardon what is past, and I promise to amend my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is (next to asking your forgiveness) this; I am told that you h given leave and liberty to some one or more of y friends to print a history of the last four years of Qu Anne's reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant reg and sincere friendship for my father, even to partia (if I may say so) I am very sensible of the share part he must bear in such a history; and as I rememl when I read over that history of yours, I can recoll that there seemed to me a want of some papers to m it more complete, which was not in our power to obta besides, there were some severe things said, which mi have been then very currently talked of, but now want a proper evidence to support; for these reason is that I do entreat the favour of you, and make it *earnest* request, that you will give your positive di *tions, that* this history be not printed and published,

til I have had an opportunity of seeing it; with a liberty of showing it to some family friends, whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be so good as to grant my request: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, I could soon say something to you that would convince you I am not wrong; they are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her, she is very well: she brought me another granddaughter last month: she desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in England.

The duke of Portland so far answers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my Lord Orrery; do you design to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true esteem and regard, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant, OXFORD.

I wish master Faulkner, when he sends any thing to me, would say how you do.*

* Mr. Faulkner was with Dr. Swift when he received this letter; which he instantly answered, and made Faulkner read it to him; the purport of which was, "that although he loved his lordship's father more than he ever did any man; yet, as a human creature, he had his faults, and therefore, as an impartial writer, he could not conceal them." The Dean made Faulkner write on the same sheet of paper to his lordship to answer for himself, and to put it into the post office, as he would not trust a servant with it, that he might vouch the truth, if ever he should hear his character called in question upon this occasion. *F.*

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

April 9, 1737.

About a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve all my friends, I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: into the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left; and my friends have all forsaken me except Mrs. Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition, and a few others who love wine that costs them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana; Tu clamas meretrix primus;* for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do. Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in support able. Yew wann twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harrison: which caused many speck you'll ash owns——I am now come to the noli me tangerry, which begg ins wyth mad dam.—So I will go on by the strength of my own wit upon points of the high *est imp* or taunts. I have been very curious in consi*dering that* fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine

ıalities in ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, eldom) *toy ling*, *numb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puss ng*, *buss ling*, *strov ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ng*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as nple o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold iis winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, a dare ink you rabble.——Well, I triumph over you, s corn urine cap a city. Pray, tell me, does the land f Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? r is there not any part of 50*l.* to be got? But before you ıake complaints of ill payments from your school, I will eclare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my ıcher debtors. I have finished my will for the last ime, wherein I left some little legacy, which you are ot to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, nd paid all you owe to my executors. And I have nade very honourable mention of you in the will, as the onsideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb, *Salt dry fish, and the wedding gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you ıave it i nam o mento time.

The old hunks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young hunks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhime; it is a satire on an inconstant lover:

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once, Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A specimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

Ego ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legia.

Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni super.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te secare saltum.
Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura v
Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventr
num.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid est materia tecum?
Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus: N
nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.
Tu venis in farti tempore.
Est formosus corporatus homo in facie,
Esne tu super pro omni die?
Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?
Ille est ex super suam servationem.
Tu es carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas
crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: hic est magnus clamor, e
lana.
Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.
Hic est diabolus et omne agere.
Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.
Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.
Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.
Profecto ego habui nullum manum in id.
Esne tu *in* aure nido?

Tu es homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula super.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.
Faeminae et linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelae lucem.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.*

SIR, *April* 9, 1737.

I HAVE wondered, since I have had the favour to know you, what could possibly put you upon your civility to me. You have invited me to your house, and proposed every thing according to my own scheme that would make me easy. You have loaded me with presents, although it never lay in my power to do you any sort of favour or advantage. I have had a salmon from you of 26lb. weight, another of 18lb. and the last of 14lb.; upon which my ill natured friends descant, that I am declining in your good-will by the declining of weight in your salmon. They would have had your salmon double the weight: the second should have been of 52lb. the third of 104lb. and the last of 208lb. It seems this is the way of Dublin computers, who think you country gentlemen have nothing to do but to oblige us citizens, who are not bound to make you the least return, farther than, when you come hither, to meet you by chance in a coffee-house; and ask you what tavern you dine in, and there pay your club. I intend to deal

* Agent to the Londonderry Society.

with you in the same manner; and if you come to town for three months, I will invite you once to dinner, for which I shall expect to stay a whole year with you; and you will be bound to thank me for honouring your house. You saw me ill enough when I had the honour to see you at the deanery. Mrs. Whiteway, my cousin, and the only cousin I own, remembers she was here in your company, and desires to present her humble service to you; and no wonder, for you sent so much salmon, that I was forced to give her a part. Some ten days ago there came to see me one Mr. Lloyd a clergyman, who lives, as I remember, near Colrane. He had a commission from the people in and about that town which belongs to the London society. It seems that, three years ago, the society increased their rents from 300*l.* to 1200*l.* a year; since which time the town is declined, the tenants neglect their houses, and the country tenants are not able to live. I writ a letter by him to alderman Barber, because their demands seem very extravagant: but I had no other reason for doing so than the ample commission he had from the town of Colrane. I wish I knew your sentiments in this affair. I never saw the gentleman before; but the commission he had encouraged me so far, that I could not refuse him the letter. Although I was ill enough when I saw you, I am forty times worse at present, and am no more able to be your guest this summer than to travel to America. I have been this month so ill with a giddy head, and so very deaf, that I am not fit for human conversation: besides, my spirits are so low that I do not think any thing worth minding; and most of my friends, with very great justice, have forsaken me. I find you deal with Faulkner. I have read his Rollin's history. The translator *did not* want knowledge enough, but is a coxcomb by *running into* those cant words and phrases which have

spoiled our language, and will spoil it more every day. Your presents are so numerous that I had almost forgot to thank you for the cheese; against which there can be no objection but that of too much rennet, for which I so often wish ill to the housewife. I am, sir, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

REVEREND SIR, *April* 17, 1737.

I RETURNED last night from Derry, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here. My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river Bann, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in Dublin at least.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest, I have in honouring this place with your presence. All *the enclosures* I intend in my demesne are *now finished, and I* am ready to begin what I intend by

way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution, till I shall have the opportunity of entreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as Armagh or Stewartstown. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you; and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *Dublin, April* 30, 1737.

If it had pleased God to restore me to any degree of health, I should have been setting out on Monday next to your house; but I find such a weekly decay, that has made it impossible for me to ride above five or six miles at farthest, and I always return the same day heartily tired. I have not an ounce of flesh or a dram of spirits left me; yet my greatest load is not my years but my infirmities. In England, before I was twenty, I got a cold which gave me a deafness that I could never clear myself of. Although it came but seldom, and lasted but *a few* days, yet my left ear has never been well since *but when* the deafness comes on, I can hear with neither ear, except it be a woman with a treble, and a man wi

nter tenor. This unqualifies me for any mixed rsation: and the fits of deafness increase; for I now been troubled with it near seven weeks, and ot yet lessened, which extremely adds to my morion. I should not have been so particular in trouyou with my ailments, if they had not been too an excuse for my inability to venture any where d the prospect of this town.

m the more obliged to your great civilities, because are, without affectation, that it never lay in my to deserve any one of them. I find by the conion I have had with you, that you understand a very well for your time, and are well known to the er on the other side. The consequence of which t it lies in my power to undo you, only by letting known at St. James's that you are perpetually sende presents, and holding a constant correspondence ne by letters. Another unwary step of your's is ig me to your house, which will render your elecesperate, by making all your neighbour squires ent you as a person disaffected to the government. I have you at my mercy on two accounts, unless ave some new court refinements to turn the guilt me. I wrote a long letter some weeks ago; but I not find by the messenger of your last salmon that ew any thing of that letter; for you take, in every astance, a special care that I may know nothing than of a salmon being left at the deanery. Thus is a secret commerce between your servant and my . The first writes a letter to the other—says the ge is paid, that the salmon weighs so much, and ent by his master to me. If some of our patriots l happen to discover the management of this in-, *they would inform* the privy council, from which *er would be* brought by a messenger to seize on

the salmon, have it opened, and search all its entrails to find some letter of dangerous consequence to the state. I believe I told you in my former letter, that Mr. Lloyd, a clergyman, minister of Colrane, but who lives four miles from it, came to me upon his going to England, to see his old father in Chester, and from thence goes to London to wait upon the society. He showed me very ample credentials from the magistrates of Colrane to deliver to the society, upon some hard things that colony lies under. It seems, about three years ago, their lease was out; the rent was 300*l.* a year; but upon the renewal it was raised to 1200*l.* which was beyond what I have known in leases from corporations. I had never seen or heard of Mr. Lloyd. He is middle aged, and walks with a stick as if he were infirm. I wrote by him to Alderman Barber, putting the case as Mr. Lloyd gave it me, who says that the town-folks and tenants of the estate round Colrane would be content to double the rent; but that the present prodigious addition had made the town-folks let their buildings decay, and the country tenants were in despair. I then wondered you came to mention nothing of this to me, since you are concerned for the society. If Mr. Lloyd has not fairly represented the matter, he has not behaved himself suitable to his function: However, pray let me know the truth of the matter, and how he came to be employed: only I find that he is not known to any of my acquaintance that I have seen since.

Pray God preserve you, sir, and give you all the good success that I am convinced you deserve.

I am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

May 22, 1737.

I WILL on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22, as you will read above in the date) send to talk to Mr. Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much (by my own desponding temper) that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed, but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the duke and his clan against the lowering of gold,* which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000*l.* a year for ever: yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy, but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of reverend. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of Quadrille (did you ever see it) with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promises (against his nature) to consider him, but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much, for she grows disobedient, and says she is going for to get another fa-

* The proclamation for lowering the English and foreign gold coin to the standard of English silver was published Aug. 9, 1737. N.

vourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the christian name of Knatchbull,* and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on Legion Club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear (for I only saw the original) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting. Others say the privy council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy I would send it you. Your bishop† writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work. Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar;* for half my body is already spent.

FROM THE HON. MISS DAVYS.‡

SIR, *May* 27, 1737.

I KNOW you are always pleased to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodness, to beg you would employ it in

* Mr. Edward Knatchbull, was secretary to his relation, Lord Chancellor Wyndham. N.

† *Dr. Hort.* N.

‡ *After*ward countess of Barrymore. N.

getting him put into the Bluecoat hospital. I received the enclosed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with this request, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. DAVYS.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

It is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together, this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that has hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, has no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for your's are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any of your epistles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all *mortals on the* subject of morality, even in the poeti-

cal way; and should have wondered more, if natu and education had not made you a professor of it fro your infancy.

All the letters I can find of your's, I have fastene in a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endorsed; bu by reading their dates, I find a chasm of six years, which I can find no copies; and yet I keep them wit all possible care; but, I have been forced, on three o four occasions, to send all my papers to some friend yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles, to som faithful friends; however, what I have, are not muc above sixty. I found nothing in any one of them to b left out: none of them have any thing to do with party of which you are the clearest of all men, by your reli gion, and the whole tenor of your life; while I an raging every moment against the corruption of bot kingdoms, especially of this, such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: i was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it coul come. They are printing it in a small octavo. Th curious are looking out, some for flattery, some fo ironies in it; the sour folks think they have found ou some; but your admirers here, I mean every man o taste, affect to be certain, that the profession of friend ship to me in the same poem, will not suffer you to b thought a flatterer. My happiness is that you are to far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come wil celebrate me, and know you are a friend who loved an esteemed me, although I died the object of court an party hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover,* who writ the epic poem called Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and ha

* *Few poems*, on their first appearance, have been received with *greater* applause than Leonidas. Lord Lyttelton, in the paper called

great vogue? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation,* and two or three others. But the crowd do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper: I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

Common Sense, gave it a very high encomium. Dr. Pemberton wrote a long and critical examination of its merits, equalling it to Homer and Milton. Nothing else was read or talked of at Leicester House; and by all the members that were in opposition to Sir R. Walpole; and particularly by Lord Cobham and his friends, to whom the poem was dedicated. If at first it was too much admired, it certainly of late has been too much neglected. Many parts of it are commendable; such as, the parting of Leonidas with his wife and family; the story of Ariana and Teribazus; the hymn of the Magi; the dream of Leonidas; the description of his shield; the exact description of the vast army of Xerxes, taken from Herodotus; the burning the camp of Xerxes; and the last conflict and death of the hero. Many of the characters are drawn with discrimination and truth. The style, which sometimes wants elevation, is remarkably pure and perspicuous; but the numbers want variety, and he has not enough availed himself of the great privilege of blank verse, to run his verses into one another, with different pauses. And I have often (as I had the pleasure of knowing him well) disputed with him on his favourite opinion, that only iambic feet should be used in our heroic verses, without admitting any trochaic. His Media is still acted with applause. He was one of the best and most accurate Greek scholars of his time; and a man of great probity, integrity, and sweetness of manners. He died, Nov. 25, 1785, aged 74; and has left behind him some curious memoirs, which, it is hoped, will be one day published. Dr. WARTON.

* By Mr. Stillingfleet, published afterwards in Dodsley's Miscellanies. He was a learned, modest, and ingenious man; a great and skilful botanist. He died in 1771. Dr. WARTON.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

MY LORD, *June* 14, 173

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lord dated April the 7th, which I was not prepared to swer until this time. Your lordship must needs l known, that the history you mention, of the four years of the queen's reign, was written at Windsor, upon finishing the peace; at which time, your fa and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding each other, that was attended with very bad co quences. When I came to Ireland to take this dea (after the peace was made) I could not stay here al a fortnight, being recalled by a hundred letters to ha back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling t ministers. I left them the history you mention, w I had finished at Windsor, to the time of the pe When I returned to England, I found their qua and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile t as much as I was able: I contrived to bring t to my Lord Masham's, at St. James's. My I and Lady Masham left us together. I expostul with them both, but could not find any good co quences. I was to go to Windsor next day with lord treasurer: I pretended business that prevei me; expecting they would come to some *** But I followed them to Windsor; where my Lord lingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to noth Things went on at the same rate; they grew m estranged every day. My lord treasurer found credit daily declining. In May, before the queen d

† Here is a blank left for some word or other; such as *agreen reconciliation*, or the like.

had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both; and told them, "I would retire, for I found all was gone." Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, "I was in the right." Your father said, "All would do well." I told him, "That I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use." I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid until the queen's death; and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the History of the Four last Years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history, which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time: and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than *any other man in* the world, although I had no obliga-

tion to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in popery and the pretender: and farther to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently inquire into your conduct, from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble *this world*, and I am heartily weary of it already; and *so should be* in England, which I hear is full as corrupt

as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, &c.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, June 23, 1737.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

I WAS favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer Mr. Lloyd, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, sir, that as the society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so, in this affair, they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in Colrain from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr. Pope is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of Horace's Odes; in one of which you are mentioned "as saving your nation:" which gave great offence; and, I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called Common Sense, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at Derry about power, which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord Bolingbroke is in France, writing, I am told, the History of his own Time: he is well. You will please to make my compliments to Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a public blessing to your country, and a friend to all mankind; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear sir, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM DR. KING.*

St. Mary Hall, Oxford, June 24, 1737.

SIR,

I DO not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the post-office intercepted a letter, which I did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago. I cannot remember I said any thing that could give them

* Dr. King was a considerable writer in "Common Sense;" and Lord Chesterfield still more so; but the ostensible author was *Mr. Charles* Molloy. Dr. King had large offers made him, to write in fa*vour of Sir Robert* Walpole, which he declined. He died, at a very *advanced age*, July 16, 1767. N.

the least offence. I did not mention the new halfpence; I did not praise the royal family; I did not blame the prime minister; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I enclosed in that letter a printed paper called Common Sense, in which the author proposes a new scheme of government to the people of Corsica, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the Indians make their gods.* I thought to afford you some diversion: but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Whiteway, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by Lord Orrery. I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the Irish channel: as soon as I receive the papers, you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. Deane Swift, who proposes to set out for Ireland the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour. I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious young man. He is a hard student, and will do an honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs. Whiteway says, that notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good spirits. What think you of making a trip to England this fine season, and visiting our alma mater? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer, and a warm bedchamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton commons shall be kept long enough to be tender.

* *This paper was written* by Dr. King himself. D. S.

If you will accept of this invitation, I promise to meet you at Chester, and to conduct you to King Edward's lodgings: and then St. Mary Hall may boast of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, and the Drapier. Believe me to be, with the greatest esteem, sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

St. Mary Hall, Oxon, June 24, 1737.

MADAM,

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: however, I could ot huelp bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen at the post-office, who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one enclosed for our friend in some few days after you had the packet from Hartley. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after Hartley went from London.

As soon as I hear of my Lord Orrery's arrival on this side the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I do not know why the dean's friends should think it derogatory, either to his station or character, to print the history by subscription, considering how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for *selling the* copy to a bookseller: for, unless a sufficient *caution* be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of

the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with some of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the public will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of Wood triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politics, without considering that these reflections may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper.*

* With great respect to Dr. King, he is somewhat mistaken in his politics; for the great force of Dr. Swift's reasoning, in the character of an Irish Drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in Ireland in the year 1724) as against Wood's adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three pence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from Wood's mint to eternity; as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troublesome: whereas the halfpence, sent over to Ireland in the year 1737, were coined in the tower, by the express order of the crown, for the convenience of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any mischief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time sufficiently and thoroughly apprised, that halfpence were not sterling money, *or could legally be* tendered in any payment whatsoever; the *only use of them being* a sort of change in the small crafts and traffick *of the world. However*, it is certain that an advertisement of three

You cannot imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed, that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation piece.* I have, in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours, of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my Irish affairs;† in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: for the adversaries I have to deal with, proceed on a principle that will hear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. Swift, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your letter to a certain person, that must be nameless, and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now, than that I am, and always must be, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the post-office who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs. Whiteway, at her house in Abbey-street, together with a letter enclosed and addressed to the dean of St. Patrick's.

lines, by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopped their currency. D. S.

* Meaning The Toast. D. S.

† Dr. King had a chancery suit in Ireland with the countess of Newburgh; the particulars of which are developed in the observations which accompany his celebrated satire. N.

SIR,

When you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If any thing I have said about the copper halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you, if, at the same time, you will be pleased to send Mrs. Whiteway those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a license to rob on the highway. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address, and enrol you and your superiors in my catalogue of heroes.

FROM MR. LEWIS.

London, June 30, 1737.

OUR friend Pope tells me, you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: on this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and, beside this, my age, and the use I *have formerly* made of my eyes in writing by candle-*light, have now* reduced me almost to blindness, and I

see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However to show my dear dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord Masham is much in the same way: he has married his son, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of Salway Winnington, and they all live lovingly together: the old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot every hour of the day: he was the best conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most cheerful: yet his poor son George is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of delirium: his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir William Wyndham makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife Lady Blandford: but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: this may create him some uneasiness.

Lord Bathurst is in Gloucestershire, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himself independent of a court.

I have the happiness to live near Lord Oxford, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almightly has given him both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man Lord K——.

Now I name him, I mean Lord Oxford, let me ask you if it be true, that you are going to print a History *of the four* last years of the queen? if it is, will not *you let me see* it before you send it to the press? Is

not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the two houses of parliament: Should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the Oxford family: permit me to say as to the first, that though you know perhaps more than any one man, I may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, viz. by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *et quorum pars parva fui.* As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to Lord Oxford to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing: for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the house, and, by corruption, is absolute master of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betray a want of skill: he has a low way of thinking. My dear dean, adieu: believe me to be, what I really am, most affectionately yours,

ERASMUS LEWIS.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

GOOD MR. DEAN, *Dover-street, July* 4, 1737.

Your letter of June 14th, in answer to mine of the 7th *of April, is come* to my hands; and it is with no

small concern that I have read it, and to find th
seem to have formed a resolution to put the His
the four last years of the queen to the press; a
tion taken without giving your friends, and tho
are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering th
have time and opportunity to read the papers ov
to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, a
you will be so good as to let some friends see th
fore they are put to the press; and, as you pro
have the work printed here, it will be easy to g
rections to whom you will please to give the lib
seeing them; I beg I may be one: this request I
repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I
doubt but there are many who will persuade y
publish it; but they are not proper judges: their i
may be of different kinds, and their motives to p
this work may be quite different, and perhaps c
ed from you.

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and
you had for my father, and have for his memory
upon that account it is, that I now renew my r
that you would at least defer this printing unt
have had the advice of friends. You have forgo
you lent me the history to read when you were in
land since my father died; I do remember it w
would ask your pardon for giving you this troubl
upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that if
not my utmost to prevent it, I should never f
myself.

I am extremely obliged to you for your goo
kind concern for me and my family. My wife
your acceptance of her most humble service: my d
ter desires the same: they both are sensible of
good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem a

dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate hum-
ervant,

OXFORD.

R. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

LORD, *July* 12, 1737.

HE pleasure you gave me, in acquainting me of the
's better health, is one so truly great, as might con-
even your own humanity; and whatever my sincere
ion and respect of your lordship prompts me to wish
your hands for myself, your love for him makes
appy. Would to God my weight added to yours,
d turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live
joy him here through your means, and flatter my-
it was partly through my own! But this, I fear, will
r be the case; and I think it more probable his at-
ion will draw me on the other side, which, I protest,
ing less than a probability of dying at sea, consider-
the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered
rom, two years past. In short, whenever I think
im, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions,
carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet,
make us return to a resignation, which is the most
ncholy of all virtues.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

R SIR, *July* 23, 1737.

I were to tell you who inquire for you, and what
say of you, it would take up more paper than I

have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet London is empty: not dusty, for we have had rain: not dull, for Mr. Pope is in it: not noisy, for we have no cars:* not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets: in short, it is just as I would have it till Monday, and then I quit St. Paul's, for my little church at Marston.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo,† Mrs. Barber her conversation,‡ and Mr. Pope his letters. To morrow I pass with him at Twickenham: the *olim meminisse* will be our feast. Leave Dublin, and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore; at least I feel them: and I will say with Macbeth, Would thou could'st!

My health is greatly mended; so, I hope, is yours: write to me when you can, in your best health, and utmost leisure; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence? Sure it does: at least mine rises some degrees, or seems to rise: try if it will fall by coming nearer: no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours most affectionately,

ORRERY.

TO MR. LEWIS.

DEAR FRIEND, *July* 23, 1737.

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But since your secretaryship in the queen's time, I believed you were

* *Alluding* to the Irish cars. D. S.

† *The MS.* of "The History of the four last Years." N.

‡ *The treatise* on "Polite Conversation," which the dean sent to *Mrs. Barber* as a present, and which she sold for a good sum. N.

lutted with the office, that you had not patience to ture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance: I find I owe yours to my Lord Oxford. The his- you mention was written above a year before the en's death. I left it with the treasurer and Lord ingbroke, when I first came over to take this dean- . I returned in less than a month; but the ministry ld not agree about printing it. It was to conclude h the peace. I staid in London above nine months; not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those , I went to a friend in Berkshire, and on the queen's th, came hither for good and all. I am confident read that history; as this Lord Oxford did, as he as in his two letters, the last of which reached me not ve ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, the peace and all proceedings were universally con- ned. This I knew would be done; and the chief e of my writing was, not to let such a queen and istry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity so ill informed, &c. Lord Oxford is in the wrong, be in pain about his father's character, or his proceed- s in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his great- admirers will rather censure me for partiality: neither he tell me any thing material out of his papers, ich I was not then informed of: nor do I know any dy but yourself who could give me more light than at I then received; for I remember I often consulted th you, and took memorials of many important parti- lars which you told me, as I did of others, for four ars together. I can find no way to have the original livered to Lord Oxford, or to you; for the person o has it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I be- ve, would be contented to let it be read to either of u, if it could be done without letting it out of his

hands,* although perhaps that may be too late. health would have permitted me, for some years p have ventured as far as London, I would have sa both my lord and you. I believe you know that Bolingbroke is now busy in France, writing the H of his own Time; and how much he grew to ha treasurer you know too well; and I know how Lord Bolingbroke hates his very memory. This is the present Lord Oxford should be in most pain about me. I have had my share of affliction suff in the loss of Dr. Arbuthnot, and poor Gay and o and I heartily pity poor Lord Masham. I woul know whether his son be a valuable young man; b I much dislike his education. When I was last you, Sir William Wyndham was in a bad state of h I always loved him, and rejoice to hear from y figure he makes. But I know so little of what that I never heard of Lady Blandford his present

Lord Bathurst used to write to me, but has dr it some years. Pray, is Charles Ford yet alive he has dropped me too: or perhaps my illness ha dered me from provoking his remembrance: for I been long in a very bad condition. My deafness, used to be occasional and for a short time, has stu me now several months without remission; so that unfit for any conversation, except one or two St of either sex; and my old giddiness is likewise b chronical, although not in equal violence with m mer short fits.

* As a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. Sw begun to fail; he had, in order to gratify some of his acquai called for the History of the four last Years of the Queen's Rei or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which part of the contents were whispered about the town, and sever pretended to have read it, who perhaps had not seen one line D. S.

I was never so much deceived in any Scot, as by that execrable Lord K****; whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory; nor I hope your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean, in the article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave housekeeper, whom I call Sir Robert; and sometimes receive one or two friends, and a female cousin, with strong high tenor voices. I am, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I SENT a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery enclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his lordship goes over, which will be as he hopes in about ten days, and then he will take with him all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a *dozen years older.*

We have had your volume of letters, which I s
are to be printed here. Some of those who hig
teem you, and a few who know you personal
grieved to find you make no distinction betwe
English gentry of this kingdom, and the sava
Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some ger
who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom) but th
lish colonies, who are three parts in four, are muc
civilized than many counties in England, and spe
ter English, and are much better bred. And the
it very hard, that an American who is of the fift
ration from England, should be allowed to preser
title, only because we have been told by some c
that their names are entered in some parish in I
I have three or four cousins here who were born
tugal, whose parents took the same care, and th
all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I
is of an Irish family, came to visit me three da
on purpose to complain of those passages in your
he will not allow such a difference between the
mates, but will assert that North Wales, North
land, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires,
more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Irelar
short, I am afraid your friends and admirers h
force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of lett
opinion is, that there might be collected from th
best system that ever was writ for the conduct of
life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of t
lies and vices. It is some recommendation of th
dom, and of the taste of the people, that you are
as highly celebrated here as you are at home.
will blame us for slavery, corruption, atheism, ar
trifles, do it freely, but include England, only v
addition of every other vice. I wish you woul

ders against the corruption of English by those scribers who send us over their trash in prose and verse, ith abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. I w am daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all mit, and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. hile I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day at I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am le. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often; next yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I y, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety nd virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CORK.

Deanery House, Dublin, Aug. 15, 1737.

GENTLEMEN,

I RECEIVED from you, some weeks ago, the honour of y freedom in a silver box, by the hands of Mr. Standard;* but it was not delivered to me in as many weeks

* Eaton Stannard, Esq. then recorder of Dublin, and afterward ade his majesty's prime serjeant at law, in the room of Anthony alone, Esq. who was promoted to the chancellorship of the exequer. *D. S.*

more; because, I suppose, he was too full of more important business. Since that time I have been wholly confined by sickness, so that I was not able to return you my acknowledgment; and, it is with much difficulty I do it now, my head continuing in great disorder. Mr. Faulkner will be the bearer of my letter, who sets out this morning for Cork.

I could have wished, as I am a private man, that, in the instrument of my freedom, you had pleased to assign your reasons for making choice of me. I know it is a usual compliment to bestow the freedom of the city on an archbishop, or lord chancellor, and other persons of great titles, merely upon account of their stations or power: but a private man, and a perfect stranger, without power or grandeur, may justly expect to find the motives assigned in the instrument of his freedom, on what account he is thus distinguished. And yet I cannot discover in the whole parchment scrip any one reason offered. Next, as to the silver box,* there is not so much as my name upon it, nor any one syllable to show it was a present from your city. Therefore I have, by the advice of friends, agreeable with my opinion, sent back the box and instrument of freedom by Mr. Faulkner, to be returned to you; leaving to your choice, whether to insert the reasons for which you were pleased to give me my freedom, or bestow the box upon some more worthy person whom you may have an intention to honour, because it will equally fit every body. I am, with true esteem and gratitude, gentlemen,

Your most obedient, and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

* In consequence of this letter, there was an inscription, and the city arms of Cork, engraved on the box, and reasons on the parchment instrument for presenting him with the freedom of that city. *D. S.*

FROM MR. FARREN.

EVEREND SIR, *Cork, Sept.* 14, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. Faulkner, and am orry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at eart, should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the reorder, to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the ame of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowedgments for the many services the public have reeived from you, which are the motives that induced s to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ver remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it eedless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any uch. But, as so great and deserving a patriot merits ll distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent nd approbation of the council, directed the box to you, and hope, what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is entitled to, will however demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, MAYOR.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR MR. DEAN, *Cirencester, Oct.* 5, 1737.

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write *to you* as often, you would think me ex-

tremely troublesome. I was alarmed some ti
with hearing that you were much indisposed
later accounts are to be depended upon, you
in perfect health. I should be heartily glad
that news confirmed to me by two lines und
hand: however, I write to you under that
tion, for which reason I have cut out a little
for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ man
ago to Lord Oxford, is printed very incorre
have a copy (of which I send you a transcript
has some very good lines in it, that are not in th
ed copy; and besides, if you will compare it
original, you will find that you left off withou
through with the epistle. The fable of the coun
city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of th
ever was: possibly, if you look over your pap
may find that you finished the whole; if not,
you as a task, to go through with it; and I beg
do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, while
your power to rectify it.* Adieu! do me the ju
believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably you

TO MR. COPE.

SIR, *Deanery-House, Nov.* 11,

I WAS just going to write to you, when yo
brought me your note for thirty-six pounds, wh
more by a third part than I desired, and for

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. Swift has obser
upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It
tation of the sixth satire of the second book of Horace,
printed with the additional lines, in the works of Mr. Pop

heartily thank you. I have been used since my illness to hear so many thousand lies told of myself and others, and so circumstantially, that my head was almost turned: and if I gave them any credit, it was because one thing I knew perfectly, that we differed entirely in our opinions of public management. I did and do detest the lowering of the gold, because I saw a resolution seven years old of your house of commons of a very different nature, and have since seen tracts against it, which to me were demonstrations; and am assured, as well as know by experience, that I have not received a penny except from you. However, although I know you to be somewhat of what we call a giber; yet I am convinced by your assertions that I was ill-informed; and yet, we differ so much in the present politics, that I doubt it will much affect the good will you formerly seemed to bear me. I grant, that the bishops, the people in employments of all kinds who receive salaries, and some others, will not lose a penny by lowering the money, because they must still have their pay; and, if your estate be set much under value, you will be no sufferer; though I, and thousands of others, will soundly feel the smart, and particularly the lower clergy, who I find are out of every body's good graces; but for what reasons I know not. I hear your house is forming a bill* against all legacies to the church, or any public charity, which puts me under a great difficulty; because, by my will, I have bequeathed my whole fortune to build and endow an hospital for lunatics and idiots.† I wish I had any certainty in that matter.

* This bill did not pass. F.

† The dean drew up a petition to the house of lords in Ireland, to be excepted in the heads of the bill for a mortmain act, then in agitation; hat he might be at liberty to fulfil his benevolent intention. but *the bill did not pass.* The hospital (endowed by Dr. Swift's le-

Place, and called Little Cleveland Court. I beli
you never observed it; for I never did, though I lod
very near it, till I was carried there to see the hou
have taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of
six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, cont
ed exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at ho
The ground floor is of small use to me; for the fore
lour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnifi
London hall. The back one, by their ridiculous
tom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness t
is so dark, that I can hardly see to read there in
middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a v
good dining-room, which on the second floor is divi
into two, and makes room for my whole family, a
and a maid, both at board wages. Over my bedch
ber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, f
whence you have a full view of Buckingham Ho
and all that part of the park. My furniture is cl
and new, but of the cheapest things I could find.
The most valuable goods I have are two different pr
of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day h
the happiness of seeing you in it.

Every body agrees the queen's death was wholly
ing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which
would not discover: and the surgeon who opened
navel, declared if he had known it two days soo
she should have been walking about the next day.
her concealing her distemper, they gave her strong
dials for the gout in her stomach, which did her g
mischief. The king is said to have given her the
account of her condition: she bore it with great res
tion, and immediately sent for the rest of her child
to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused
see the prince of Wales; nor could the archbisho
Canterbury, when he gave her the sacrament, pre

on her, though she said, she heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since Lewis has lost his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that Sir Robert Walpole, upon the loss of his, made Miss Skirret an honest woman; but if it be so, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of Novembers, is the most sincere and hearty wish of yours, &c.

C. FORD.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the Cocoa Tree, or to Little Cleveland Court, in St. James's Place.

FROM THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

REVEREND SIR, *At Paris, Nov.* 29, 1737.

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with new pleasure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for Ireland, my History of the Mareschal de Turenne, the greatest French hero that

ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, dear sir, your most humble, and most obedient servant,

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Pray allow me to assure Mr. Sican of my most humble respects.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me, under a cover, *A son Altesse Monseigneur le compte d'Evreux, général de la cavallerie à Paris.*

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, *Scarcliffe Farm, Dec.* 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at Cirencester, full of life and spirits, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of Ireland, made me reflect upon the condition of England, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured.* I have attended parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm house in Derbyshire, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when

* *The* promise of Polypheme to Ulysses. R.

the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of Kingston has imported one;* but I do not think it worth the carriage.

I passed through London in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened;† but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors: if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you had abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because nobody will care to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put that in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia.*

I met our friend Pope in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpoise in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight; but

* Madame la Touche, a French lady. B.

† The death of Queen Caroline, on Sunday evening, November 20, 1737. B.

I doubt it much. Since I found by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with nobody for some time past but farmers and ploughmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear sir, your obedient humble servant,

BATHURST.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-house, Dec 15, 1737.

MR. FAULKNER,

THE short treatise* that I here send you enclosed was put into my hands by a very worthy person,† of much ancient learning, as well as knowledge in the laws of both kingdoms. He is likewise a most loyal subject to King George, and wholly attached to the Hanover family, and is a gentleman of as many virtues as I have any where met. However, it seems, he cannot be blind or unconcerned at the mistaken conduct of his country in a point of the highest importance to its welfare. He has learnedly shown, from the practice of all wise nations in past and late ages, that tillage was the great principle and foundation of their wealth; and recommends the practice of it to this kingdom with the most weighty reasons. He mentions the prodigious sums sent out yearly for im-

* Published by Mr. Faulkner, under the title of "A Treatise on *Tillage.*" *N.*

† *Alexander Macaulay, Esq.* See p. 173. N.

porting all sorts of corn, in the miserable moneyless condition we now are in. To which I cannot but add, that in reading the resolutions of the last sessions, I have observed in several papers that the honourable house of commons seem to be of the same sentiment, although the increase of tillage may be of advantage to the clergy, whom I conceive to be as loyal a body of men to the present king and family as any in the nation: and, by the great providence of God, it is so ordered, that if the clergy be fairly dealt with, whatever increases their maintenance will more largely increase the estates of the landed men, and the profits of their farmers.

I desire you, Mr. Faulkner, to print the treatise in a fair letter and a good paper. I am,

Your faithful friend and servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO DR. CLANCY.

Deanery-house, Christmas-day, 1737.

SIR,

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy,* which, I am told was written by you: I read it carefully, with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the playhouse, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present,† in such gold as will not give

* "The Sharper," the principal character of which performance was designed to represent Colonel Chartres. D. S.

† This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings. A little time after (says Dr. Clancy) I sent him a parcel of tickets; *he kept but one*, which he said he had paid for, and afterward

you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight,* which, if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, sir, your well-wishing friend and humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow.

This letter and the packet were sealed with the head of Socrates.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 26, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have sent you a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridges, a side of venison, and some plover, which will help to keep your house this Christmas. You may make a miser's feast, and drink your blue-eyed nymph† in a bumper, as we do the drapier: and when these are out, let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a blackguard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry Christmas, and many of

sent me two four pound pieces for more. See Clancy's Memoirs, vol. ii. page 56. D. S.

* Dr. Clancy had pursued the study of physic, and was patronised by Dr. Helsham; but having lost his sight by a cold in 1737, before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a Latin school for his support. D. S.

† Lady Howth having very sparkling blue-gray eyes, Dr. Swift used to distinguish her by the name of "the blue-eyed Nymph." N.

them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and sea nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

FROM DR. CLANCY.

REVEREND SIR, *Dec.* 27, 1737.

When I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases in admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which in some more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my distress comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome, I should do myself the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

MIC. CLANCY.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

Deanery-House,
SIR, *Dublin, Jan.* 6, 1737-8.

I HAVE often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the lord mayor, Humphrey French; whom I often desired, after his mayoralty, to give me an account of many passages that happened in his mayoralty, and which he has often put off, on the pretence of his forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty: I take him to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors, as far as their genius can reach. I desire you therefore to inquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with, to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, wherever he had any power or authority in the city; but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions.

When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars, I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise, to give the public an account of that great patriot; and propose him as an example to all future magistrates, in order to recommend his virtues to this miserable kingdom. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, January 17, 1737-8.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I HAVE for almost three years past, been only the shadow of my former self, with years and sickness, and rage against all public proceedings, especially in this miserable oppressed country. I have entirely lost my memory, except when it is roused by perpetual subjects of vexation. Mr. Richardson, who is your manager in your society of Londonderry, tells me, he hears you are in tolerable health and good spirits. I lately saw him, and he said he intended soon to wait on you in London. He is a gentleman of very good abilities, and a member of parliament here. He comes often to town, and then I never fail of seeing him at the deanery, where we constantly drink your health. I have not been out of doors, farther than my garden, for several months, and, unless the summer will assist me, I believe there will be the end of my travels. Our friend Lewis has writ to me once or twice, and makes the same complaint that I do, so that you are the healthiest person of the three. I luckily call to mind an affair that many of my friends have pressed me to. There is a church living in your gift, and upon your society lands, which is now possessed by one Doctor Squire, who is so decayed that he cannot possibly live a month. This living, I am told, is about 120*l.* or something more, a year; I remember I got it for him by the assistance of Sir William Withers and you; and since it is now likely to be so soon vacant, I insist upon it, that if Doctor Squire dies, you will bestow it to Mr. William Dunkin, a clergyman, upon whose character I have lately taken him into my favour. He is a gentleman of *much* wit, and the best English, as well as Latin,

poet in this kingdom: he has 100*l.* a year from our university, to be continued till he is provided for. He is a pious, regular man, highly esteemed; but our bishops, like yours, have little regard for such accomplishments, while they have any dunces of nephews or cousins. I therefore charge you to use your influence and authority that Mr. Dunkin may have this church living upon the decease of Doctor Squire; because you know that my talent was a little (or rather too much) turned to poetry; but he is wiser than I, because he writes no satires, whereby you know well enough how many great people I disobliged, and suffered by angering great people in favour. Farewell, my dear friend of near thirty years standing. How many friends have we lost since our acquaintance began? I desire you will present my most humble service and respect to my Lord and Lady Oxford. I am ever, with great affection and esteem, dear, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

My kind love and service to Mr. Pope when you see him, and to my old true friend, and yours, Mr. Lewis.

To show my memory gone, I wrote this letter a week ago, and thought it was sent, till I found it this morning, which is Jan. 28, 1737-8.

TO MISS RICHARDSON.

MADAM, *Jan.* 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you *know* that your uncle is the most unreasonable per-

son I was ever acquainted with; and next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you; nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with Alderman Barber, who is governor of the London society about your parts: whereon Mr. Richardson* came to the deanery, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, farther than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times: and, I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told "That my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh:" he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told "That as I never drank malt liquors, so I was not able to drink Dublin claret without mixing it with a little sweet Spanish wine:" he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visiters; whereby it is plain that his malice reached to all my friends as well as to myself?

* Of Kilmacduac. F.

At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings, that you have been his partaker and second in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And what is yet worse, the few ladies that come to the deanery assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plainly as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to Summer-Seat, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have inquired into your character; but I find you had bribed them all, by never sending them any such dangerous presents; for they swore to me, "That you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery;" which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to write, for fear (as their expression is) of being exposed. So that when I see any of your sex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and ask pardon. And therefore, because princes are said to have long hands, *I wish I* were a prince with hands long enough to beat

you at this distance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cause to change, in any single article, the opinion and idea I have of your person and qualities! may you ever long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deserve your good will, and of all who have merit enough to distinguish you! I am, with great respect, and the highest esteem, madam,

Your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Duke-street, Westminster, Feb. 14, 1737-8.

MADAM,

I MUST answer a letter I never received. The dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas, or the post-masters, are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into Curll's hands, it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree entirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in Ireland; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear, dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, madam, send him; *and you will hear* what a simple figure he will make

among the great men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

FROM CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1737-8.

I SEND you here enclosed the bill of lading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON.*

Summer-Seat, February 23, 1737-8.

SIR,

I WAS favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter, wherein you are pleased to say so many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me, would make my vanity insufferable

* Afterward Mrs. Pratt. N.

to my neighbours, if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons unacquainted with me think better of me than afterward they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his treatment in this particular; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him, that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at Summer-Seat, where all the skill I have in house-keeping should be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction? But I fear you would find my faults so numerous, that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought to do every body *that has any regard for* this kingdom. I hope the good

weather will set you right, and that the summer v
duce you to visit this northern part of the world.
I have by this time tired out your patience with
impertinence, and given you too great reason to
the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to
tain of me; I will forbear to be longer troubles
you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes fo
good health, that you may live many years to be
ing to mankind in general, and this country in part
I am, with the highest esteem, and greatest resp
your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDS

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, *March* 8, 173

SOME of my friends wonder very much at y
laying to publish that treatise of Polite Conver
&c. when you so often desired that I should ha
correct the several copies you sent me; which, a
I have been, and am still, I despatched as fast a
them. I expect you would finish it immediatel
send it to me; I hope you have observed all the
tions. I hear you have not above four or five pa
maining. I find people think you are too negligen
if you delay longer, what you fear may come t
that the English edition may come over before yo
your own ready.

I am your humble servant,

JON. SWI

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 9, 1737-8.

MY DEAR AND CONSTANT FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours of February 11th, and find, with great pleasure, that we preserve the same mutual affection we ever professed, as well as the same principles in church and state. As to what you hint, as if I were not zealous enough in making recommendations, you know I have conversed too long with ministers to offend upon that article, which I never did but once, and that when I was a beginner. You may remember that, on Mr. Addison's desire, I applied to my Lord Treasurer Oxford in favour of Mr. Steele, and his lordship gave me a gentle rebuke, which cured me for ever; although I got many employments for my friends, where no objection could be made, yet I confess, that Doctor Delany, the most eminent preacher we have, is a very unlucky recommender; for he forced me to countenance Pilkington; introduced him to me, and praised the wit, virtue, and humour of him and his wife; whereas, he proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom. She was taken in the fact by her own husband: he is now suing for a divorce, and will not compass it; she is suing for a maintenance, and he has none to give her. As to Mr. Richardson, his father was a gentleman, and his eldest brother is a dean. Their father had but a small fortune; your manager was the younger son; he has an excellent understanding in business, with some share of learning; his prudence obliges him to keep fair with all parties, which, in this kingdom, is necessary for one who has to deal with numbers, as the business of your society requires. It is his interest to deal *justly with your* corporation, because people, who

envy his employment, would be ready enough to c
plain; and yet, although he has a good estate, I h
not heard him taxed with any unjust means in procu
it. He is a bachelor, like you and me, and lives wi
maiden niece, who is a young woman of very good se
and discretion. He is a member of the house of co
mons, and acts as smoothly there as he does in the co
try. I am so long upon this, because I believe it
give you a true notion of the man; and if you find,
his management, that he gives you, who are the gov
nor, any cause of complaint, let me know the particula
which I will farther inquire into. I must next say so
thing of Mr. Dunkin. I told you he was a man of g
nius, and the best poet we have, and, you know, that i
trade wherein I have meddled too much for my qui
as well as my fortune; but I find it generally agre
that he is a thorough churchman in all regards. H
aunt, to whom he was legal heir, bequeathed her wh
estate to his university, only leaving him an allowanc
of 70*l.* per annum, to support him till he was better pr
vided for; but I prevailed on the provost and fellows t
make it 100*l.* a year. Yesterday I sent for Mr. Du
kin, and catechised him strictly on his principles, an
was fully satisfied in them by himself, as I was befor
by many of his friends; therefore, I insist that you shal
think of nobody else, much less of Mr. Lloyd, who is no
to be compared in any one view. Doctor Squire ma
linger out for some time, as consumptive people happe
to do, but is past hopes of recovery. My dear friend, I
cannot struggle with disorders so well as you: for, as I
am older, my deafness is very vexatious, and my memory
almost entirely gone, except what I retain of former time
and friends; beside frequent returns of that cruel giddi
ness which you have seen me under, although not as yet
with so much violence. You, God be praised, keep

your memory and hearing, and your health is much better than mine, beside the assistance of much abler physicians. If you know Doctor Mead, pray present him with my most humble service and grateful acknowledgments of his favours. Dear Mr. Alderman, why do you make excuses for writing long letters? I know nobody who writes better, or with more spirit, with your memory as entire as a young man of wit and humour. I repeat that you present my most humble service to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and my old friend Mr. Lewis. What is become of Mr. Ford? Is he alive? I never hear from him. We thank your good city for the present it sent us of a brace of monsters, called blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians (as they are here called in print) whereof Worsdail the painter, and one Lints (a painter too, as I hear) are the leaders. Pray God bless you my dear friend, and let us have a correspondence as long as I live. I am ever,

Most dear sir,

Your constant esteemer, and
most obedient humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

I have five old small silver medals of Cæsar's, very plain, with the inscription: they were found in an old churchyard; would my Lord Oxford think them worth taking?

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, March 13, 1737-8

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

It was with great pleasure I received yours of 9th of March, with the state of your health, which the more agreeable, as it contradicted the variou ports we had of you; for you remember that our n papers take the privilege of killing all persons the not like as often as they please. I have had the ho to be decently interred about six times in their we memoirs, which I have always read with great sati tion.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Dunkin, and desire that he would immediately dra a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c. w petition I desire that you only would underwrite, your recommendation, and a character of him; w you will please to send to me, to be made use of at discretion. He need not come over, but inform me soon as possible, of Dr. Squire's death.

I have made your compliments to Lord and Lady ford, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of health. They give you their thanks for your rem brance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordship is very well pleased with your prese the medals,* and desires you would send them by

* Alluding to some medals and other curiosities which had purchased at Rome by Captain Bernage, and sent to the dean present. This gentleman, who had been educated in the unive of Dublin, obtained, at Dr. Swift's recommendation, an ensign's mission from the Earl of Pembroke when lord lieutenant. He afterward made a captain; but was disbanded at the peace of Utr *See also* the Journal to Stella, February 10, 1710-11; and Apri *1711. N.*

first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that noble lord, who has no vices (except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near 20,000*l.* a year. I say, is it not shocking! But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My Lord Burlington is now selling, in one article, 9000*l.* a year in Ireland, for 200,000*l.* which wont pay his debts.

Dr. Mead is proud of your compliments,* and returns his thanks and service.

Mr. Lewis I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. Ford, I am told, is the most regular man living; for from his lodgings to the Mall—to the Cocoa—to the tavern—to bed, is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy, I am of a cheerful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the spring will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hand.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of showing my gratitude to you, sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God bless you and preserve you, and believe me

* The dean had made Dr. Mead a present of his Works. N.

always, dear sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.*

SIR, *St. Mary Hall, Oxon. March* 15, 1737-8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to London, and from thence returned to Oxford.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before you go to Ireland, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both enclosed to Mrs. Whiteway) since I received the manuscript from Lord Orrery. I wrote again to Mrs. Whiteway, when I was last week in London, to acquaint her, that I would write to the dean by a friend of mine, who is going for Ireland in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of ——,† which, I am assured, is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the dean's particular friends in London. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the dean's answer to satisfy the objections which have been made by some of his friends. I had likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the dean with.

* Then at Monmouth. D. S.

† Swift's History of the four last years of the Queen. D. S.

I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the Toast, at least to show it to nobody in Ireland: for as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithstanding your letter, I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for Ireland.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, March 31, 1738.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND,

IN THE BEST AND WORST TIMES,

Mr. Richardson is come to town, and stays only for a wind to take shipping for Chester, from whence he will hasten to attend you as his governor in London. I have told you that he is a very discreet, prudent gentleman, and I believe your society can never have a better for the station he is in. I shall see him some time to-day or to-morrow morning, and shall desire, with all his modesty, that he press you to write me a long letter, if your health will permit; which I believe is better than mine, for I have a constant giddiness in my head, and what is more vexatious, as constant a deafness. I forget every thing but old friendship and old opinions. I did *desire* you, that you would at your leisure visit

the few friends I have left, I mean those of them with whom you have any acquaintance, as my Lord and Lady Oxford, my Lord Bathurst, the countess of Granville, my Lord and Lady Carteret, my Lord Worsley, my dear friend Mr. Pope, and Mr. Lewis, who always loved both you and me. My Lord Masham, and some others, have quite dropped and forgot me. Is Lord Masham's son good for any thing? I did never like his disposition or education. Have you quite forgot your frequent promises of coming over hither, and pass a summer in attending your government in Derry and Colrane, as well as your visitation at the deanery? the last must be for half the months of your stay. Let me know what is become of my Lord Bolingbroke—how and where he lives, and whether you ever expect he will come home. Here has run about a report, that the duke of Ormond has an intention, and some countenance, to come from his banishment, which I would be extremely glad to find confirmed. That glorious exile has suffered more for his virtues, than ever the greatest villain did from the cruellest tyrant. I desire and insist that Mr. Dunkin may have the church living upon Doctor Squire's decease, who I am still assured cannot long hold out, and I take it for granted, that Mr. Richardson will have no objection against him. God preserve and bless you, my dear friend. I am ever, with true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

April 2, 1738.

I WRITE by the same post that I received your very obliging letter. The consideration you show toward me, in the just apprehension that any news of the dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I writ to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces), to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last.

FROM MR. M'AULAY.*

REV. SIR, *April* 13, 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely

* Author of "a Treatise on Tillage," and of a pamphlet in favour of the tithes of the clergy, called, "Property inviolable." To this pamphlet the dean alludes in the clause of his will, where he leaves Mr. M'Aulay, "the gold box in which the freedom of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for *him, on account of his* great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected

sorry to find you meet with any thing that affects or perplexes you. I hope I shall never be guilty of such black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greatest esteem and gratitude, rev. sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

ALEXANDER M'AULAY.

DR. KING TO MR. DEANE SWIFT.

St. Mary Hall, Oxon.

DEAR SIR, *April* 25, 1738.

I HAVE just received your letter by Mr. Birt, for which I thank you. It is now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs. Whiteway, to acquaint the dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his history, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from Ireland before you leave Monmouth; in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies (as you call them) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, though for one week; because I might have talked over with you all the affair of the history, about

piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of *the legal rights* of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked *oppressions*." N

which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, since the dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publication of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have consulted the dean's honour, and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning The Toast.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Belturbet, May* 6, 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner by removing from Summer-Seat to this place the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying-in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent me having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and *do heartily* wish it were any way in my power to

let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of St. Patrick's is very well: it would have given me infinite pleasure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he proposed to make but a short stay in England at this time; and at his return, he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of, to prevail with the dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can, to persuade the dean to take that jaunt: I really believe it would do him great service as to his health: I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, whom I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her; and be assured that I am, with great respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

TO MISS HAMILTON,* OF CALEDON.

Deanery House, Dublin, June 8, 1738.

MADAM,

Some days ago, my Lord Orrery had the assurance to show me a letter of yours to him, where you did me the honour to say many things in my favour; I read the letter with great delight; but at the same time I re-

* *Miss* Hamilton, of Caledon, in the county of Tyrone, a great *heiress in* her own right, with every virtue and accomplishment to *adorn her sex.* F.

proached his lordship for his presumption, in pretending to take a lady from me, who had made so many advances, and confessed herself to be nobody's goddess but mine. However, he had the boldness to assure me, that he had your consent to take him for a husband. I therefore command you never to accept him, without my leave, under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense, or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himself the happiest man in the world; for I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves, and each other; and believe me to be, with the truest esteem and respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt, at this time; and if I had, I could not tell which I ought to choose.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, *June* 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner; but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. Whiteway or not. To show you what a generous rival I am (now I am sure of the lady) I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on Friday. She never drinks any wine; but *she told me the other* day, to do you good, she would

drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to increase it.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *June* 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival? *Mea est Lavinia conjux.* To-morrow Miss Hamilton gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and awkward beaux, join with the Dean of St. Patrick's in loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival, ORRERY.

FROM MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

London, July 2, 1738.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

I HAVE deferred answering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31st of March, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes; for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the enclosed I received from the hands of my *Lord Bolingbroke* and Mr. Pope, your dearest friends

My lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell Dawley, to pay his debts; and he will return to France, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to see it published) because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr. Pope has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well, that he throws out a twelvepenny touch in a week or ten days, with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to roast the enemies of their country.

The report of the duke of Ormond's return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handsome manner, and has Mr. Kelly with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the Tower. A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through Avignon about a month since, and dined with his grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. Squire's departure: I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr. Dunkin.

I have seen Lord and Lady Oxford, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is selling Wimple, to pay off a debt of 100,000*l.* That a man without any vice, should run out such a sum, is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord Bathurst is heartily yours; so is Mr. Lewis, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see Lord —— in an age; his son is married, and proves bad enough; ill natured and proud, and ve-

ry little in him. Our friend Ford lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the Cocoa tree to the park, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints; for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly, so that though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon; and impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses' milk, which is the best specific we have. I wish to God you would try it, I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr. Richardson has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him, he is much to blame; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of Derry came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment; and I believe he had twenty out of twenty-four of our society against him: and the cry has been against him for two or three years past, and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying, that while I had the honour to preside in that chair, I would preserve the great privilege every Englishman had, of being heard before he was condemned: and I never put any question against him while he was in Ireland. Well, he came, and after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the society were of opinion, that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politics; I have left them off a long *while, only* we talk much of war, which I do not be-

lieve a word on. A fair lady in Germany* has put the king in good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

I am, dear sir,

your most affectionate humble servant,

J. BARBER.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, *Thursday, July* 13, 1738.

I desire you will print the following paper, in what manner you think most proper. You see my design in it: I believe no man had ever more difficulty, or less encouragement, to bestow his whole fortune for a charitable use.

I am your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the above-named doctor has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed his whole fortune (except some legacies) to build and endow an hospital, in or near this city, for the support of lunatics, idiots, and those they call incurables: But the difficulty he lies under is, that his whole fortune consists in mortgages on lands, and other the like securities; for, as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of ac-

* *Amelia Sophia Von* Wallmoden, countess of Yarmouth. H.

tive friends, he finds it impossible; so that, much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and in the mean time, his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers. The great misfortune is, that there seems not so much public virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable design; because none but the aforesaid unfortunate objects of charity will be the better for it: However, the said doctor by calling in the several sums he has lent, can be able, with some difficulty, to purchase three hundred pounds *per annum* in lands, for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased; otherwise he must leave it, as he has done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet he has known some of very fair and deserved credit, prove very negligent trustees. The doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five *per cent*, upon good security; of which the principal, after his decease, is to be disposed of, by his executors, in buying lands for the farther endowment of the said hospital.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

July 25, 1733.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the dean of St. Patrick's becoming indifferent toward me; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well; that summer,

which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My hurry here is almost over; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of October, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices; and, when I am not engaged by business, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend Bolingbroke is well, and at present with Mr. Pope. I am told he has sold Dawley. Alderman Barber, who has promised me to write to you by the next post, tells me his lordship inquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily increases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanted to put Mr. Dunkin in possession of the parish of Colrain.

I hear you have seen Pope's first Dialogue, 1738. Have you seen his Universal Prayer? This second dialogue, together with the copy of the inscription intended by the old duchess of Marlborough for a statue she is to erect of Queen Anne, and a few lines attributed to Lord Chesterfield, on another subject, wait on you enclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime sergeant* here this night in his way to France.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *Aug.* 5, 1738.

It was not my want of friendship and esteem that hindered me from answering your several letters, but merely my disorders in point of health; for I am constantly giddy, and so deaf, that your friend Mrs. Whiteway has almost got into a consumption by bawling in my ears. I heartily congratulate with you on your triumph over your Irish enemies by a *nemine contradicente.* I leave the rest of this paper to be filled by Mrs. Whiteway; and am, with true esteem and gratitude, your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

Pray tell my dear friend the alderman, that I love him most sincerely; but my ill health and worse memory will not suffer me to write a long letter.

* Henry Singleton, Esq. whom Dr. Swift appointed one of his executors. He was afterward lord chief justice of the common pleas, which he resigned upon a pension; and was appointed master of the rolls in Ireland. D. S.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

August 8, 1738.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of July 27th; and two days ago had a letter from Mr. Pope, with a dozen lines from my Lord Bolingbroke, who tells me he is just going to France, and I suppose, designs to continue there as long as he lives. I am very sorry he is under the necessity of selling Dawley. Pray, let me know whether he be tolerably easy in his fortunes; for he has these several years lived very expensively. Is his lady still alive? and has he still a country house and an estate of hers to live on? I should be glad to live so long, as to see his History of his own Times; which would be a work very worthy of his lordship, and will be a defence of that ministry, and a justification of our late glorious queen, against the malice, ignorance, falsehood, and stupidity of our present times and managers. I very much like Mr. Pope's last poem, entitled MDCCXXXVIII, called Dialogue II: but I live so obscurely, and know so little of what passes in London, that I cannot know the names of persons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of Ormond lives so well at ease and in so good health, as well as with so valuable a companion. His grace has an excellent constitution at so near to fourscore. Mr. Dunkin is not in town, but I will send to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my Lord and Lady Oxford; but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a rascally butcher, one Morley, a great landjobber and knave, who was his lordship's manager, and has been the principal cause of my lord's wrong conduct, in which *you agree with me in* blaming his weakness and credu-

lity. I desire you will please, upon occasion, to present my humble service to my Lord and Lady Oxford, and to my Lord Bathurst. I just expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. Ford is alive; perhaps walking preserves him.

I very much lament your asthma. I believe temperance and exercise have preserved me from it.

I seldom walk less than four miles, sometimes six, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the house, up and down stairs; and if it were not for the cruel deafness, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through England; pox on the modern phrase Great Britain, which is only to distinguish it from Little Britain, where old clothes and old books are to be bought and sold! However, I will put Dr. Sheridan (the best scholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible asthma. I wish you were rich enough to buy and keep a horse, and ride every tolerable day twenty miles.

Mr. Richardson is, I think, still in London. I assure you, he is very grateful to me, and is too wise and discreet to give any just occasion of complaint, by which he must be a great loser in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written as much this many a day. I have tired myself much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. Alderman, with very great esteem,

Your most obedient and most humble servant.

TO MR. POPE AND LORD BOLINGBROKE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Aug.* 8, 1738.

I HAVE yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, uncapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms,* which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose handwriting I know toward the end of your letter, has made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any

* Dr. Johnson laughs at Swift and Pope thinking their letters were opened and inspected by the post-master, as an instance of their self-importance. *Dr.* WARTON.

thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple Bar to St. James's; I mean the court exclusive.

I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have honoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.

My Lord Orrery is gone with his lady to a part of her estate in the north: she is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B's letter in the last page of yours.

MY DEAR LORD,

I am infinitely obliged to your lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your lordship than to all the world beside. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state; and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* if not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I have showed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me, that a great collection of $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me}}{\text{you,}}$* are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

It is now Aug. 24, 1738. J. SWIFT.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, *Aug.* 31, 1736.

I BELIEVE you know that I had a treatise, called "Advice to Servants," in two volumes. The first was lost, but this moment Mrs. Ridgeway brought it to me, having found it in some papers in her room; and truly, when I went to look for the second I could not tell where to find it: if you happen to have it, I shall be glad; if not, the messenger shall go to Mrs. Whiteway. I am,

Your humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

* It is written just thus in the original. The correspondence in the present volume seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned to Mr. Pope after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. Pope of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers. WARBURTON.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *Sept.* 16, 1738.

I HAVE much pleasure in thinking I have execut your commands and Alderman Barber's to both ye satisfactions; and was greatly pleased yesterday to fi the dean in spirits enough to be able to write you few lines, because I know it was what you wished f I declare it has not been by any omission of mine t it was not done long ago. Beside his usual attendan giddiness, and deafness, I can with great truth say, t miseries of this poor kingdom have shortened his da and sunk him even below the wishes of his enemi and as he has lived the patriot of Ireland, like the cond Cato, he will resign life when it can be no lon serviceable to his country.

As Sir Robert Walpole has your best wishes, I am far glad of his recovery.

My daughter is now very well, and most highly o ged to you for what you say about her. I was so li myself when I wrote to you last, with her illness, tha forgot to entreat the favour of your commands to M Richardson, to take the opportunity of the summer s son to come to this town; but the week after I wr to her, and insisted on her company immediately; by directing my letter to Summer-Seat instead of C rane, I had not an answer till yesterday, and then that did not satisfy me; for it is written with such ference and fear of doing any thing without your p tive orders, that I have very little to hope for from l I shall forever tax you with want of truth, sincer and breach of faith, if you do not command her to co *im*mediately to town.

I showed Mr. Dunkin the paragraph in your letter that concerned him; for which, and many other obligations he is under to you, he owns himself most gratefully your obedient, &c. &c. Mr. Faulkner will send the books by the first that goes to England.

How could you be so unpolite as to tell a woman you supposed her not to be entertained with scandal? You will not allow us to be learned; books turn our brain; housewifery is below a genteel education; and work spoils our eyes: And will you not permit us to be proficients in gaming, visiting, and scandal? To convince you I am so in the last article, the poem pleased me mightily, and I had a secret pleasure to see the gentleman I showed it to liked it as well as I did; so I find your sex are not without a tincture of that female quality.

You have pressed me so much in every letter to find you employment, that, to be rid of you, I will now do it; for, without mentioning the words, entreat favours, vast obligations, trouble, and a long, &c. will you buy for me twenty yards of a pink coloured English damask? The colour we admire here is called a blue pink. The women will tell you what I mean. If you will be pleased, by the return of the post, to tell what will be the expense, I will pay the money immediately into Henry's bank.

I own I am surprised at what you tell me of Mr. Philips; but envy, you know, is the tax on virtue, for no other reason could make him your enemy: and I most heartily wish, whoever is so may meet with the fate they deserve. I have just read so far of this letter, and am so much ashamed of the liberty I have taken to give you so much trouble, that if I have truth in me, were it not for the dean's letter, it should never go to you. *If you* can pardon me this, I promise for the

future never to give you the like occasion of exerting your good nature, to her who is, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

You forgot to date your letter.

FROM THE BISHOP OF FERNS.*

SIR, *September* 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I just now received from you by Mr. Hughes, gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister *in musicis*: but when I grew a great man (and, by the by, you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me, I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr. Hughes sing often at Percival's,† and have a good opinion of his judgment: so has Percival, who, in these affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is desirous to improve himself. If Mason and Lamb were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD FERNS.

* Dr. Synge. D. S.

† At Dean Percival's. D. S.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Mr. Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls,* in order o my convenient shaving with ease and despatch, toge-her with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniences attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him therefore all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather, as the butler says, the second, on Tuesday, 1738.

My service to all your litter; I mean Mrs. Harrison, &c. but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of that left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *Marston, Oct.* 4, 1738.

I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the dean means by a

* *A box of soap and a brush.* D. S.

safe hand in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I know you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and, I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. Whiteway did assure me she had not one of them; and seemed to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the dean's letter which gave you that information, but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you, from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may say what you please, either to the dean or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known. "That the dean says they are delivered into a safe hand; and Mrs. Whiteway* declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time that I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has cost me some pain, did it

* This lady afterward gave Mr. Pope the strongest assurances that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer: whereupon her son-in-law, Deane Swift, Esq. insisted upon writing a preface, to justify Mr. Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it on the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this Mr. Pope would not agree to, as *not knowing* the truth of the fact. D. S.

not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am, dear sir, with the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

ORRERY.

FROM MR. POPE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Twickenham, Oct.* 12, 1738.

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that pass in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendship to me; but I am not so willing to put you to the trouble of showing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occasions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuse the request of a very particular and very deserving friend; one of those whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many, now dead, banished, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. Lyttelton, one of the worthiest of the rising generation. His nurse has a son, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurse, and so does Lyttleton: he loves and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependants, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any person to please me, or to serve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whose name is William Lamb; and he is the bearer of this letter. I presume he is qualified for that which he desires; and I doubt not, if it be consistent with justice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you ——What?——what I cannot tell; the kindness I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wishes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind,

or (the best softenings of the want of either) quiet and resignation. You lose little by not hearing such things as this idle and base generation has to tell you: you lose not much by forgetting most of what now passes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the past scenes of our country, and forgets the present, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the evil of the day be not intolerable (though sufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we may, at least we should, nay, we must (whether patiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the best of what we cannot make better, but may make worse. To hear that this is your situation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great ease to me to know, and know from yourself. Tell me who those are whom you now love or esteem, that I may love and esteem them too; and if ever they come into England, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can serve you, or please you, be certain it will mend my happiness; and that no satisfaction any thing gives me here will be superior, if equal to it.

My dear dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolness, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and respect. Lord Orrery, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Oxford, Lord Masham, Lewis, Mrs. P. Blount, allow one woman to the list, for she is as constant to old friendships as any man. And many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can suffer, nothing of you can be obscured, or locked up from esteem and admiration, except what is at the *deanery*; just as much of you only as God made mor-

tal. May the rest of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honest men may expect, and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful! Adieu.

Yours ever,

A. POPE.

FROM MR. POPE TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Twickenham, Nov. 7, 1738.

When you get to Dublin (whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible) pray put the dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love him, and how greatly I honour him: how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolved to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him, the world has nothing in it I admire so much; nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Nov. 27, 1738.

I never liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the mean time pray take care of your health, chiefly your *wicked colic*, and Mrs. Harrison's disposition to

fever. I hope at least things will be better on Thursday,* else I shall be full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard, although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of Job that morning.† I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. Harrison. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you!

J. SWIFT.

FROM MISS RICHARDSON TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Belturbet, Nov. 29, 1738.*

It was a very unequal match that the dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the dean hath a hand in, is done in the most genteel and surprising manners. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it. I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprised as I was when I read your letter, to think that I had received a present from so great a person as the dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew the expense it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for

* *Dr. Swift's* birthday. D. S.

† *This* chapter he always read upon his birthday. D. S.

me, who can never deserve the least favour from him: it is a most beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to Miss Harrison. I am, dear madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 2, 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment against you, and a female accomplice of yours;* for that by the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well meaning country girl of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: it is true, that the fascination of your works had before operated strongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her ad-

* Mrs. Whiteway. D. S.

miration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books (I cannot say of the like kind) she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: but now truly it appears she apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and importance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age has produced, and whom she worships with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, has, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention toward me as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear sir, to learn from the Prime Sergeant Singleton, that he found you extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most entirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time, now and then, with some of Mr. Pope's most intimate friends; and although I would have great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought *wholly* unworthy to deliver him a letter from the dean of St. Patrick's.

Alderman Barber got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip; but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Doctor Squire holds out surprisingly: as soon as the vacancy shall happen, I shall have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. Dunkin will succeed him.

I am ever, dear sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

FROM DR. KING.

St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, Jan. 5, 1738-9.

SIR,

AT length I have put Rochefoucault to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of those among your friends in this country, who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submitted to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you shall still resolve to have the poem published as entire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to London the latter end of the

next week, when I will write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.

I was at Twickenham in the Christmas week. Mr. Pope had just then received a letter from you, and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, sir, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to present my most humble service to Mrs. Whiteway.

FROM MR. DEANE SWIFT.

SIR, *Jan.* 12, 1738-9.

I HAD so great an honour conferred upon me yesterday, that I know not how to express the obligations I lie under for it; unless, by endeavouring to make myself worthy of your present, I can demonstrate to the world that I daily improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying in those books, which since the beginning of my life I have for ever esteemed to be a complete library of taste, wit, poetry, and politics; yes, and in spite of dulness and prejudice, I will venture to say, of religion also. This I am sure of, that so great a present from so great a person, and in a manner so handsome and extraordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out some of those excellencies which shine through every page of them. *But to* be thought worthy of receiving them from you

hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myself for many years, that to the best of my power I have continually fought under the banners of liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim, which every man in every country has by nature a right to insist upon; but, whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment enlist myself under the conduct of liberty's general; and whenever I desert her ensigns, to fight under those of tyranny and oppression, then, and not till then, will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterward be reproached either by the sight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, sir, with the highest esteem, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 23, 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from Oxford, about the thirtieth of last month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of Rochefoucault; and as I interest myself most heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I observe this with more than ordinary satisfaction, because *I may* urge the approbation of the public as some

kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason but because I durst not insert them; I mean the story of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of Queen Anne, and so well describes the designs of the ministry, which succeeded upon the accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I do not know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: at least a lawyer, whom I consulted on this occasion, gave me some reason to imagine this might be the case. I am in truth more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiors look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the Latin poem I have sent you by the same gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: for although that piece has escaped the state inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney general to explain, yet the scope of the poem and principal characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy, if he gives his enemies any grounds or colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the poem,

I will, some way or other, contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Jan.* 30, 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured, that I think myself under the highest obligations to you, and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it has been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the post-office; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the seals torn off. Whether those post-officers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some greater name, I do not know; but for my part, I grew peevish, to find my friendships, and all my little chitchat, must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past, I have not had the same cause of complaint. *Your letter* was delivered to me in good condition; I

begin to think my superiors no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture to write to the dean, even by the Oxford post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about Rochefoucault, and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner in which he finds it published; to which I consented, in deference to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinion of others of the dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he has not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part, I never read any of his works either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which Cardinal Polignac gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l'esprit créateur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss to tell you, that one Gally, or Gaillie, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at Temple-bar; and I am now told that there are two or three copies more in London. Gaillie pretends that he is just come from Ireland, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that perhaps the whole may at least appear, whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. Swift is well. When are we to see him again in Oxford? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the

greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

I sent the dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, Feb. 16, 1738-9.

MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND,

THE young gentleman who delivers you this, lies under one great disadvantage, that he is one of my relations, and those are of all mortals what I despise and hate, except one Mrs. Whiteway and her daughter. You must understand that the mother has the insolence to say, that you have heard of her and know her character. She is a perfect Irish teague, born in Cheshire, and lived, as I remember, at Warrington. The young gentleman who waits upon you, has a very good countenance, has been entered three years at the temple (as it is the usual custom) but I think was never yet in England, nor does he know any one person there. However, as it is easy to find you, who are so well known and so much esteemed, he will attend you with this letter, and you will please to instruct him in the usual methods of entering himself in the temple. He is a younger brother, but has an estate of a hundred pounds a year, which will make shift to support him, in a frugal way. He is also a very good person of a man, and Mrs. Whiteway says he has a virtuous disposition. My disorders of deafness, forgetfulness, and other ailments, added to a dead weight of *seventy years*, make me weary of life. But my comfort

is, that in you I find your vigour and health inc
Pray God continue both to you. I am, my dear
with very great esteem and affection, your most ob
and most humble servant,

J. SWI

Do you ever see any of our old friends? If yo
Mr. Lewis, I must charge you to present him wi
kind and hearty service: and how or where
Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope?

I am very much obliged to you for the favou
have shown to Mr. Richardson. He is a ver
dent, good gentleman; if you see him, pray
him my compliments. So, my dear friend, once
adieu.

FROM DR. KING TO MRS. WHITEWA

MADAM, *London, March* 6, 173

I do not remember any thing published in my
that hath been so universally well received as the
last poem. Two editions have been already so
though two thousand were printed at first. In shc
people read it, all agree to commend it; and I
been well assured, the greatest enemies the dean
this country, allow it to be a just and beautiful
As I am very sincerely and sensibly affected by
thing that may raise the dean's character as a wri
any thing can raise it higher) so you may believe I
had the greatest pleasure in observing the succes
general approbation which this poem has met
wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday,

the bookseller brought me the Dublin edition, and at the same time put into my hands a letter he had received from Faulkner, by which I perceive the dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if Faulkner speaks truth, and knows as much of the dean's mind as he pretends to know. Faulkner has sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the Dublin edition; and then it may be perceived how much the dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The doctor's friends, whom I consulted on this occasion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that these lines,

> He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
> No individual could resent
> Where thousands equally were meant——

might be liable to some objection, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; because several *persons have been* lashed by name, a Betteworth, and

in this poem, Chartres and Whitshed; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

Here's Wolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition, &c.

are plainly a mistake, and were omitted for that reason only: for Wolston never had a pension: on the contrary, he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. Woolaston, the author of a book called, "The Religion of Nature delineated," was indeed much admired at court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late queen in her grotto at Richmond, with Clarke's and Locke's; but this Woolaston was not a clergyman.

The two last lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better—

I omitted, because I did not well understand them; a *better* what? There seems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, so as to make it sense, and there is no other antecedent. The dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of English that has ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing should be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is, besides, the most patient of criticism of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which, however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judg-

ment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *March* 28, 1739.

Two days ago I had the very great pleasure to hear from Mr. Swift you were well. The acknowledgments he professes in his letters to the dean and me of your extraordinary civilities to him, make me perfectly ashamed to think how ill I shall acquit myself by only being able to say I most sincerely thank you. What an opportunity have you laid in my way of saying a thousand fine things on this subject; and yet I can only tell you (what you already know to be a great truth) that you have acted in this as you do in every thing, friendly, politely, and genteelly. All the return I can make, is to give you farther room to exercise a virtue which great minds only feel, that of doing good to an ingenuous worthy honest gentleman. The person I mean, is counsellor M'Aulay; one of those who stand candidates for member of parliament to represent the university of Dublin, in the place of Dr. Coghill deceased. The dean of St. Patrick's appears openly for him; and I have his leave and command to tell you, if you can do Mr. M'Aulay a piece of friendship on this occasion with any person of distinction in England, he will receive the favour as done to himself. After I have mentioned the

me the greatest pleasure. I am, madam, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR. *London, April* 10, 1739.

It is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. Alderman Barber, whose veneration for you prompts him to do any thing he can think of that can show his respect and affection, made a present to the university of Oxford of the original picture done for you by Jervas, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personages this island has produced: but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to Oxford, after concerting with Lord Bolingbroke, the vice-chancellor, and Mr. Pope, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is enclosed. The alderman had a very handsome compliment from the vice-chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction; wherein there is most honourable mention of the dean of St. Patrick's on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the London Ev[illegible] your picture, which was [illegible] pense of the chapter [illegible] the deanery, Alder[illegible] what you see in [illegible] be printed th[illegible] to you at [illegible] should

ways, to show the effects of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame by the warmest sense of gratitude, and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. M'Aulay, can inform you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommended him, he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home; but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My best respects wait upon Mrs. Whiteway.

FROM DEAN SWIFT AND MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, *April 17, 1739.*

I [illegible] Mrs. Whiteway pretends to have been [illegible]; but upon a strict examina- [illegible] the acquaintance was only at [illegible] he had the good fortune to [illegible] I am extremely obliged [illegible] Mr. M'Aulay, whose good [illegible] I have highly esteem- [illegible] happiness of knowing him. [illegible] it will be chiefly by your [illegible] my hearty thanks for [illegible] know you [illegible]

honest hearty friend Alderman Barber; and pray let him know that I command him to continue his friendship to you, although he is your absolute governor. I am very much obliged to the alderman and you for your civilities to young Swift. Mrs. Whiteway says he is my cousin; which will not be to his advantage, for I hate all relations; and I—— sir, I have snatched the pen out of the Dean's hand, who seems, by his countenance, to incline to finish his letter with my faults as he began it. Where there is so large a scope, and such a writer, you may believe I should not like to have my character drawn by him. However, I think for once he is mistaken; I mean in the article of what he calls vanity, and which I term a laudable ambition, the honour of being known to you, and bragging of it as some merit in myself, to be distinguished by you. Have I not reason to boast, when you tell me my recommendation will have weight with you? and how great must be the obligation that words cannot express? Gratitude, like grief, dwells only in the mind, and can best be guessed at when it was too great to be told, and most certainly lessens when we are capable of declaring it. I never doubted Mr. M'Aulay's success if you undertook his cause, nor your indefatigable friendship for those who have the good fortune to gain your esteem. Mr. Swift I wish may be in the number. This I am sure of, that his virtue and honour will never give me reason to repent that I introduced him to you, which is the only favour I hoped for him; but you, sir, never do things by halves.

I know you are hurried on many occasions; therefore I do not expect a letter unless you are perfectly disengaged. Sometimes we are in such a state of indolence, that half an hour is trifled away in doing nothing. When you find yourself in this situation, tell me in two

or three lines you are well, and command Miss Richardson to come to me. My daughter most earnestly joins with me in this request, and entreats you to believe that she is, with as great respect as I am, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

FROM MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *London, April* 17, 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs. Whiteway a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in Guildhall, by Alderman Barber's direction. Beside a letter from you to the society, whose address is in Mrs. Whiteway's letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. Dunkin to the society will be of use; and if you write to Mr. Pope, the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through Pope. I am ever, dear sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. Dunkin to come over the moment he hears of Squire's death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE SOCIETY OF THE GOVERNOR AND ASSISTANTS, LONDON, FOR THE NEW PLANTATION IN ULSTER, WITHIN THE REALM OF IRELAND, AT THE CHAMBER IN GUILDHALL, LONDON.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN, *April* 19, 1730.

I HEARTILY recommend to your very worshipful society, the Rev. Mr. William Dunkin,* for the living of Colrane, vacant by the death of Dr. Squire. Mr. Dunkin is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

Worthy sirs,
Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *April* 19, 1739.

I NOW give you an opportunity of adding a new petition in your prayers—From female impertinence, good Lord deliver me. Yet this trouble you brought on

* See Alderman Barber's letter, March 13, 1738. N.

yourself; and therefore I will make no apology for it. Mr. Dunkin's case comes now under your care. You were the first promoter of it; and to you only are his obligations due. Mr. Squire died the 14th of this month; and by this post the dean has writ to Alderman Barber in Mr. Dunkin's favour. He has commanded me to entreat your friendship for him with the alderman and the society; and says he knows you will pardon him that he does not write to you himself on the occasion; for his head is very much out of order to day. There is one article in the dean's letter he has left out, and another inserted, much against my inclination. The first is, that he omitted mentioning Mr. Dunkin as a worthy good man, which, in my opinion, is more material than being a pert or a scholar: although, when joined with these, make a most amiable character: the other is, troubling the alderman to know there is such an insignificant person in the world as Mrs. Whiteway; but the tyrant dean will say and do just as he pleases. The enclosed was sent me by Mr. Dunkin, not knowing how to direct to you. I now promise you, sir, to tease you no more with my letters, unless you command me to pay you my most humble respects; and then you shall be obeyed with pleasure, by, sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

MAR. WHITEWAY.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Dublin, April 19, 1739.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

AT last Doctor Squire is actually dead; he died upon the 14th day of this month, and now you have the op-

portunity of obliging me in giving Squire's living in Colrane to Mr. William Dunkin, who is an excellent scholar, and keeps a school in my neighbourhood; besides, he is a very fine poet. My friend Mr. Richardson can give you a better account of him. It is true, Mr. Dunkin is a married man; however, that is of no great moment, and in the northern country of Ireland, although it be the best inhabited part of the kingdom, a wife will be convenient. Yet we two old bachelors (I own I am your senior) could never consent to take so good example, by endeavouring to multiply the world. I heartily thank you for your civilities to young Swift. It seems he is a relation of mine. And there is one Mrs. Whiteway, a widow, the only cousin of my family for whom I have any sort of friendship; it was she prevailed with me to introduce the young man to you. He is a younger brother, and his portion is only 100*l.* a year English. You will oblige me if you can bear seeing him once a quarter, at his lodging near the Temple, where he designs to study the law; and so I have done with ever troubling you, my dear friend. Where is Mr. Lewis? Some months ago he writ to me with many complaints of his ill health, and the effect of old age, in both which I can overmatch you and him, beside my giddy head, deafness, and forgetfulness into the bargain. I hear our friend Lord Bolingbroke has sold Dawley; I wish you could tell me in what condition he is, both as to health and fortune; and where his lady lives, and how they agree. If you visit my Lord and Lady Oxford, and their daughter, who is now, as I hear, a duchess, or any other friend of ours, let them have the offers of my humble service. May you, my most dear friend, preserve your health, and live as long as you desire! I am ever, with the greatest truth and

esteem, your most obedient humble servant, and entire friend,

JON. SWIFT.

I desire you will give my most hearty service to Mr. Pope; and let him know that I have provided for Mr. Lamb, whom he recommended to me, with a full vicar-choralship in my choir. And pray let me know the state of Mr. Pope's health.

DR. DUNKIN TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *April* 25, 1737.

As it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy dean of St. Patrick,* I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say, the dean of St. Patrick is unwearied in doing good, and that he who could rise to preserve a nation, will descend to relieve an individual.

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will

* It was Faulkner who first introduced him to Dr. Swift, by taking much pains and trouble to accomplish it. F.

not allow me either that freedom of speech or writing, which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person, I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am altogether unable to perform, and such as I entreat you, dear madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

TO MR. POPE.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, April* 28, 1730.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection, and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against King Charles the First. This cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named Deane Swift, because his great grandfather by the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane, who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the Restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any of his family: he was first a student in this university, and finished his studies *in Oxford*, where Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himself with good

reputation and credit: he hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He has a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family, at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, of which I find an account in a book called "Mercurius Rusticus," that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for, coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates, of which Mr. Deane Swift has a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you; which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes. I am, my dearest friend,

Your most obedient
and most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

May 10, 1739.

You are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of anything that was told me last night, or this morning. I *have one favour* to entreat from you. I know the high

esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. Lyttelton,* whom you call, "the rising genius of this age." His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread even among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of Wales; and his royal highness has been for several years chancellor of the university in Dublin. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make to you. There is in this city one Alexander M'Aulay, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of Hanover; and particularly to the prince of Wales, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr. M'Aulay is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. Coghill, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: and, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good will and Mr. Lyttelton's interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of Ireland, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. Lamb; he has at present but half a vicarship: the value of it is not quite fifty pounds *per annum*. You writ to me in his favour some months ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar choral, Mr. Lamb shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

* Afterward the celebrated George Lord Lyttelton. N.

FROM MR. SECRETARY LYTTELTON.

SIR, *London, May* 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. Swift return to Ireland without my acknowledgments to you for the favour you have done Mr. Lamb.* I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. Pope's recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their persons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON.

FROM MR. POPE.†

DEAREST SIR, *May* 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you miscarry; and you ask me the same questions again which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. Swift, inquires, where and how is Lord Bolingbroke? who, in a para-

* One of the choir in the cathedrals of St. Patrick's and Christ church. D. S.

† *The last letter* he ever wrote to the dean. N.

graph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterward. He has sold Dawley for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainbleau at his command, with the king's stables, dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood.

I never saw him in stronger health or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of Europe, from the Pyrenean treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom; and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your History of the Queen's Last Years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of Oxford, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that, *when he* saw you in 1727, he made you observe them; *and that* you promised you would take care.

We very often commemorated you during the five months we lived together at Twickenham. At which place, could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world: and think, not Dublin only, but France and Italy, not worth the visiting once more in my life. The mention of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. Jervas, who went to Rome and Naples purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour: and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey at the expense of parting from one's friends.

Mr. Lewis every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world toward others, the least so in regard to herself; she speaks of you constantly. I scarcely know two more women worth naming to you: the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to Lord Oxford and Lord Masham, when I see them. I see John Barber seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him, in behalf of one of your friends; and spoke to Mr. Lyttelton for the other, who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was pleased to please me.

You ask me, how I am at court. I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The prince* shows me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble

* *Frederick* Prince of Wales. H.

heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them: I am very well with the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least, they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me; but I am too old for her mind and body: yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so, I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth,* a Mr. Murray,† and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption in the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit: I am sinking fast into prose; and, if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner.

Since my protest (for so I call my dialogue of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is re-printed once in two years. In the second canto, among the authors who live in Fleet-ditch, immediately after Asnal, verse 300, add these:

* Hugh Hume Campbell, third and last earl of Marchmont. He died January 10, 1794, aged 87. N.

† Afterward the first earl of Mansfield, the celebrated lord chief justice of the king's bench. N.

Next plung'd a feeble but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back ;*
Sons of *a day !* just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their *names ?* I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe, her children gone,
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone ;
And rueful Paxton† tells the world with tears,
These are—ah ! no ; these were my Gazetteers !

Having nothing to tell you of my poetry, I come to what is now my chief care, my health and amusement : the first is better, as to headachs ; worse, as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much ; otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life ; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation : but my eyes fail ; and, at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham ; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them.

* "They print one at the back of the other, to send into the country." Pope, *MS. note.* These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed at the back of another. See the Dunciad. B.

† "A solicitor, who procured and paid those writers." Mr. Pope's MS. note. The line has since been changed :

"And monumental brass this record bears,
These are," &c. N.

Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, and yours; but his country seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country seat; and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of you, and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which make the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with Lord Peterborow, about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at: but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours.

P. S.—*May* 19. This I end at Lord Orrery's, in company with Dr. King. Wherever I can find two or three that are yours, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. Swift* to me: he can tell you more of me.

* Deane Swift, Esq. N.

A SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

One of my new friends, Mr. Lyttleton, was to the last degree glad to have any request from you to make to his master. The moment I showed him your's concerning Mr. M'Aulay, he went to him, and it was granted.* He is extremely obliged for the promotion of Lamb.† I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other. *Sint tales animæ concordes.* He loves you, though he sees you not; as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you.

TO MR. LYTTLETON.

SIR, *June 5*, 1739.

You treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. Lamb; which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. Deane Swift a letter to my dear friend Mr. Pope, that he might have the happiness to see and know so great a genius in poetry, and so agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man, (seveveral years older than you) was much surprised to see his junior in so high a station as secretary to his royal

* Mr. M'Aulay was soliciting for a seat in parliament as one of the representatives of the university of Dublin. Mr. Lyttleton was then principal secretary to Frederick, prince of Wales, who, as chancellor of that university, was thought by Swift to be the most proper person to nominate. N.

† Dr. Swift had made Mr. William Lamb one of the vicars choral of his cathedral upon Mr. Lyttleton's recommendation. See p. 225. N.

highness the prince of Wales, and to find himself treated by you in so kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly mistaken: for, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of England, your character is as well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your master's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court politics: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. Pope, I desired him to recommend Mr. M'Aulay to your favour and protection, as a most worthy, honest, and deserving gentleman; and I perceive you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the university to choose him for a member to represent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. Coghill, deceased.

I have been just now informed, that some of the fellows have sent over an apology, or rather a remonstrance, to the prince of Wales; pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. Tisdal; and therefore have desired his royal highness to withdraw his recommendation. A modest request, indeed, to demand from their chancellor, what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement! Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here: and seems to be the last effort of such men, who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear toward his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the *people* infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both king-

doms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up, in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me until I am dead. I am, honourable sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

SIR, *July* 20, 1739.

A FORTNIGHT ago I went out of town with the new married couple, my son and daughter; and the day before I had the honour to receive your letter. With great truth I do assure you, I am much more concerned at the trouble and disappointment you met with in Mr. Dunkin's affair than for him, having but a short acquaintance and knowledge, otherwise than knowing him to be a man of sense, virtue, and religion, who would be an ornament to the church, and a credit to those who appeared for him. These were my reasons to wish him well.

One part of your letter, sir, I can only take notice of with amazement; and do entreat you will indulge me *so far as to believe* this will be all the answer I can, or

ever will, make to it: and yet I am not insensible you have been pleased in some measure to honour me with your esteem. I will not therefore fear the loss of your friendship, because it shall be my study to merit your good opinion: and, unprovoked, I know you to have too much good nature to withdraw it. I never saw a more beautiful silk than was bought for my daughter. If you did not choose it, at least you showed your judgment in the person that was employed. She desires me to say this, that you have forced her to do what she never did in her life, wear any thing that was not paid for; and if hereafter she should run her husband in debt, she will lay all the fault at your door. Mr. Swift presents you his most obedient respects, and will oblige you to know him by his assiduity in courting the honour of your acquaintance. I have asked you so many favours, that no one but myself would presume perpetually to dun you thus; and yet I will never leave off until you grant this my request, to command Miss Richardson to town immediately. I now attack you on the foot of charity; an argument you can never resist. Consider my daughter has quitted me; that I am all alone; and her agreeable company will make Molly and her husband spend all their time with me. In short, sir, if you hesitate one moment longer, I will lay you open to the world, and let them see how much they were mistaken in Mr. Richardson, who once in his life broke his word. I have now before me, under your hand, that all my commands should be obeyed. I insist on your promise; and Miss Richardson is my demand, and that immediately. You see how careful and sparing you gentlemen ought to be in compliments to women, who always keep you to your promise while it makes to their interest; and as well know how to evade their own when it is contrary to their inclination. I had the favour of a

letter from Alderman Barber in answer to one I wrote him. He does not perhaps know the inconveniency he has brought on himself, which is another from me; and yet you may tell him, when I have once more paid my respects to him, I am not so unreasonable as to impose or expect any farther notice of Irish impertinence.

I left this paragraph to finish at the deanery, that from his own mouth I might assure you of his love and esteem. He sends his most affectionate service to his dear old friend Alderman Barber. Mr. Dunkin likewise presents you his most obedient respects, and hopes you received his letter that he sent some days ago. There is no person a more obedient humble servant to you than my daughter, excepting, dear sir, your most obedient and most obliged faithful humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

The chief circumstance that you would choose to know I had like to have forgot; which is, that the dean is in good health, and ever will remember the pains you and the alderman have been at, on his account, for Mr. Dunkin.

FROM DR. SCOTT.

REV. SIR, *London, Sept.* 7, 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will answer, because it is in favour of that kingdom, to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. *We have had here,* for some years past, a number of

anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of a human body. They are the work of a French surgeon,* who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expense of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was prevailed on to send them into Ireland for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in London, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures, would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in Irish linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expense which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you cannot favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into Ireland next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, heretics, schismatics of all kinds, and enthusiasts.

* Mr. Rackstraw, statuary; the anatomical figures were purchased from him by the late earl of Shelburne, who presented them to the university of Dublin. D. S.

I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled and perplexed than cleared, christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own; what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the Scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original Scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them every where consistent with themselves; and to show that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the Scriptures so interpreted are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths so demonstrated are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: so that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials, which God has set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he has instituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression: and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them,

I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SCOTT.

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

MY LORD, 1739.

I AM earnestly desired by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer, Mr. Moore, minister of Clonmel, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tithes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters patents from King Charles the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother, whom God long preserve. But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to those tithes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largest, and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom; being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year; out of which, a curate assistant being absolutely necessary on account of its extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family has been always distinguished for their favour and protection to the established

church, under her greatest persecutions; nor have you, in the universal opinion, ever degenerated from them. Those tithes in and about Clonmel are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive lawsuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of Clonmel may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed, that the duke your brother's retiring has not lessened your fortune, but increased it: and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tithes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his successors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that with a thousand difficulties infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

SIR, *Dec.* 4, 1739.

I CANNOT find a manuscript I wrote, called, "Directions for Servants,"* which I thought was very useful as well as humorous. I believe you have both seen and read it. I wish you could give me some intelligence of it, because my memory is quite gone; therefore let me know all you can conjecture about it.

I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM THE REV. MR. THROP.

REV. SIR, *Dec.* 10, 1739.

THE many professions of kindness you have made, and friendship you have shown, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and detestation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monster ——† to my unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that case, to disperse among such members of the house of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reason of our troubling you to do this, is because we intend presenting a petition to the members of the house of commons this session, to oblige —— to waive his privilege, every other attempt we have tried since my brother's death proving fruitless.

* See vol. VIII. N.

† *Mr.* Faulkner fills the blank with "Mr. Wilson." N.

Your appearing, sir, in this affair, will not only make —— the more ready to do justice, but prevent others from supporting him in his villanies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases; and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall be sent you by, reverend sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title page.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Dec.* 31, 1739.

It is impossible to have health in such desperate weather: but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a Muscovy, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good against rheumatic pains? I hope Deane Swift* will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son or daughter save you the pains of writing on your back! You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

* Then married to Mrs. Harrison. D. S.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was Croker* not to suffer you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. Swift dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bed-chamber and closet, which has also a fire. I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

New-Year's day, 1739-40.

I wish you may have many, and all healthy ones.

CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT.†

Deanery House, Jan. 9, 1739-40.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunk-

* An eminent apothecary of great humanity and skill. D. S.

† The history of this singular certificate is thus related by Mrs. Pilkington, vol. III. "Dean Swift discharged a servant, only for rejecting the petition of a poor old woman; she was very ancient, and, on a cold morning, sat at the deanery steps a considerable time, during which the dean saw her through a window, and no doubt commiserated her desolate condition. His footman happened to come to the door; and the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to

and; I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

JON. SWIFT.

give that paper to his reverence. The servant read it; and told her with infinite scorn, "His master had something else to mind than her petition"—"What is that you say, fellow?" said the dean, looking out at the window; "Come up here." The man tremblingly obeyed him. He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine. After which, he turned to the man, and said, "At what time, sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me, or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, sirrah, you have been admonished by me, for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but, since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service: so pull off my clothes, take your wages, and let me hear no more of you." The fellow did so; and, having vainly solicited a discharge, was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and, humbly confessing in a petition to the dean his former manifold crimes, assured him of his sincere reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought; and begged the dean would give him some sort of discharge, since the honour of having lived with him would certainly procure him a place. Accordingly the dean called for pen, ink, and paper; and gave him a dismission, with which and no other fortune, he set out for London. Among others, he applied to me, who had known him at his late master's; and produced his certificate; which, for its singularity, I transcribed. I advised him to go to Mr. Pope, who, on seeing the dean's handwriting, which he well knew, told the man, "If he could produce any credible person, who could attest that he was the servant the dean meant, he would hire him." On this occasion he applied to me; and I gave him a letter to Mr. Pope, assuring him, that I knew the man to have been footman to the dean. Upon this, Mr. Pope took him into his service; in which he continued till the death of his master." N.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Jan.* 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr. Wilson and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the enclosed letter from your beloved of ——, which I shall make you happy with. It will show you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility, of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it a hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the enclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for 100*l.* It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lies that are in it; but I fear that that will take up your time too much.

I am ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM LORD CASTLEDURROW.

SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 2, 1739-40.

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. Delany's obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the doctor, I at first imagined his

boundless generosity distributed his book among the lords, and that it was sent me as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for, weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were writ, (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet must I risk depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him! Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint, always strengthens it; exerting against it, generally lessens it. Do not immerge in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the *comfort of it.* And I hope you still admit such com-

panions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have enclosed some verses. The Latin I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A Lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, inscribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read Pope's Heloise to Abelard) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of Pope's. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except Heloise's own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with Cadenus to Vanessa. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem, sir,

Your most faithful
affectionate humble servant,
CASTLEDURROW.

My boys ends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

February 3, 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days or rather weeks, has made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. Swift, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter has raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Dr. Wilson, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method.

I am ever, dear madam, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *March* 25, 1740.

ONCE I thought I could never receive a letter from, or answer one to you, without pleasure; and yet both has happened to me very lately. This is the third day I sat down to write to you, and as often tore my paper. I endeavoured to say something to alleviate your grief; that would not do: Then I resolved to be silent on the occasion; but, alas! that was impossible for a friend. I will, therefore, for a moment, rather renew your grief by joining with you in it. Your trials have been most severe: the loss of two such valuable persons as Miss Richardson and Sir Joseph Eyles are irreparable; for, in

a middle state of life, we have not time enough before us to make new friendships, were it possible to meet their equals. This is an unusual way of comforting a friend in trouble: Ought I not rather to persuade you to forget them, and call in christianity to your aid? But I believe those expounders of it are mistaken in their notions, who would have us imagine this to be religion; for I am sure a just God will expect no more from us than to submit without repining. I am too much a fellow-sufferer in misfortunes of this nature not to feel for you. In a short time I lost a beloved husband and friend, an ingenious, a worthy son, and what the world value as their chief happiness, some trifling conveniences. All these I have outlived, and am an instance that time will erase the blackest melancholy. I most sincerely wish, dear sir, this may be your case, and that it may be the last struggle of mind or tedious illness you will ever have to battle against.

You have conjured me by such a tie as the last request of dear Miss Richardson, that, as well as I am able, I will tell you what I guess the dean may like. I know his candlesticks are the most indifferent of any of his plate, and therefore mention a pair of those: his snuffers are good.

Surely I was not such a beast as to forget mentioning the receipt of the papers you were so careful and obliging to send me: they came very safe. I intreat you to accept of my most humble thanks for this, and all your other most extraordinary favours.

The dean of St. Patrick's presents you his most affectionate love and service; and commanded me to tell you he would have writ to you upon this late occasion, if he had not been too deeply affected with your grief.

Surely the two long months you have so often fixed for your return will be at an end; and then I shall have the opportunity of telling you from my mouth what I now give under my hand, that I am, with the highest respect and esteem, dear sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

My most obedient respects to Alderman Barber. Mr. Swift and his wife beg you will accept of theirs.

MR. NUGENT* TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MADAM, *Bath, April* 2, 1740.

I HAD not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. Pope know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in Dover-street, London. I am, madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Swift. I shall say nothing of the picture,† because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. Bindon‡

* Afterward Lord Clare. *D. S.*

† Of Dr. Swift. *D. S.*

‡ The greatest painter and architect of his time in these kingdoms. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw *aside his pencil* soon after the year 1750; and afterward lived to a

know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. Pope.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, *April* 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in Phalaris's brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the one thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Doctor Wilson's left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever entirely yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1785. D. S.

MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *May* 13, 1740.

By the time this kisses your hand, I believe Mrs. Richardson will not blush to be wished joy by a person you have done the honour to call a friend, and whose ambition it is to deserve some place in her esteem; and now that all insinuations in your favour are as needless as the formal ceremony between lovers, I shall take the liberty to tell her, it will be her own fault if she is not one of the happiest women in the world. This is an unusual way of recommending myself to a bride; nor should I do it to any but yours: yet surely when a lady is married to a gentleman with an easy fortune, good nature, and a man of honour, how little is required of her side toward mutual felicity, which can be comprised in two words, love and obey?

About a fortnight ago I dined at the dean of St. Patrick's in a mixed company; where one of the gentlemen told him you were married, or just going to be so, to a lady of fifteen, with a hundred thousand pound fortune, and a perfect beauty. I asked the person whether he had not that account from a woman? He said he had. The dean inquired if I knew any thing of the affair. I answered yes; only with this difference, that she was at least fifty, and a most ungenteel disagreeable woman. The whole company looked upon me with contempt; and their countenances expressed, they thought I drew my own picture whilst I enviously endeavoured to paint the lady's. The dean only understood me; and, smiling, said he believed I was in the right. When we were alone, I let him know that you had commanded me to acquaint him with the affair; and I hoped, when I wrote to you next, he would add a postscript in my letter.

He promised me to do it; and this day I intend to put him in mind of it.

I waited on Mr. Hamilton yesterday to consult with him if it would not be proper to allow the servants board wages from this time; and it was diverting enough to see us both keeping our distance about a secret the whole town has known these two month. However, at last we understood each other; and have agreed to give the coachman four shillings a week, and the maid three, until they go a shipboard.

There would have been no occasion to be so formal with a friend as to desire Mr. Hamilton to give the servants money when you might have ordered me to do it, although I had not been in your debt; which, to my shame be it spoken, would be scandalous so long a time, if the fault were entirely mine. My son and daughter Swift present you and your lady their most obedient respects, and sincerest wishes. I am at a lost to express my obligations to her for the compliment she was pleased to remit to me; and I believe, when we meet, she will not be jealous that I dare give it under my hand to her, that I honour and esteem you more than any woman does except herself. I am, dear sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MR. RICHARDSON.

DEAR SIR, *May* 13, 1740.

I could never believe Mrs. Whiteway's gasconades in telling me of her acqaintance with you. But my age and perpetual disorders, and chiefly my vexatious deafness, with other infirmities, have completed the utter

loss of my memory; so that I cannot recollect the names of those friends who come to see me twice or oftener every week. However, I remember to wish you a long lasting joy of being no longer a bachelor, especially because the teaser at my elbow assures me that the lady is altogether worthy to be your wife. I therefore command you both (if I live so long) to attend me at the deanery the day after you land; where Mrs. Precipitate, alias Whiteway, says I will give you a scandalous dinner. I suppose you will see your governor my old friend John Barber, whom I heartily love; and so you are to tell him. I am, dear, sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

JON. SWIFT.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY TO MR. POPE.

SIR, *May* 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the dean of St. Patrick; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he has to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most

of his writings unprinted,* except a few loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I outlive him) shall never be made public without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called Advice to Servants, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it, has so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. King, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except Gulliver) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. King with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I entreat, sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter: they are only designed for yourself: to the dean's friends in England they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starving wits cause of triumph. I enclose this to Alderman Barber, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters, may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying Irish linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute, to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without

* In resentment to the house of commons of Ireland, who sent *Faulkner* to Newgate for printing the satire on Quadrille. F.

mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay, the gentleman the dean recommended through your friendship to the prince of Wales.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr. Swift who waited on you last summer, is since that married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at Twickenham; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, *London, June* 3, 1740.

I HAD, some time ago, a letter from Mr. Stopford, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done for some time past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. *And since* the gout has been your physic, I hear-

tily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not writ to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. Pope can be my witness how constantly I inquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letters to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. England has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings,* and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under Lord Cathcart† is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except Sir Robert) very gravely affirms it will go; nay, and I am afraid believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; Sir Robert will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when, by the influence of this army and our money, he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics: and if

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad. B.

† Against Carthagena. It went, and miscarried. B.

can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I romise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give ıe leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end f a declamation made by a boy at Westminster school n this theme,

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat?

Dulce decane, decus, flos optime gentis Hibernæ
Nomine quique audis, ingenioque celer;
Cum lepido indulges risu, et mutaris in horas,
Quô nova vis animi, materiesque rapit;
Tunc gravis astrologus, cœlo dominaris et astris,
Filaque pro libitu Patrigiana secas.
Tunc populo speciosa hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque æquoreas, aëriasque creas.
Seu plausum captat queruli persona draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo fabula sumpta cado.
Flores egregius mira exprimis arte magister,
Et vitam atque homines pagina quæque sapit.
Dcraticæ minor est vis et sapientia chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis opus.

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing to you, harges me to present her services, when I assure you iat I am most faithfully and sincerely,

Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

MR. POPE TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the dean, though much a less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. M'Aulay, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of showing Mr. Swift, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, madam, prevent any thing after his death which may anywise depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing *of ill* consequence can happen from the commission given *to Dr. King.*

You see, madam, I write to you with absolute freem, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a man of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you y find I treat you with the same delicacy that you me (and for which I thank you) without the least mpliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with eem, madam, your most obliged and most obedient vant,

A. POPE.

FROM MR. POPE TO MR. ALLEN.

My vexation about Deane Swift's proceeding has fret-l and employed me a great deal, in writing to Ireland, d trying all the means possible to retard it; for it is t past preventing, by his having (without my consent, so much as letting me see the book,) printed most of

They at last promise me to send me the copy, and it I may correct and expunge what I will. This last uld be of some use; but I dare not even do this, for y would say I revised it. And the bookseller writes, t he has been at great charge, &c. However, the an, upon all I have said and written about it, has ered him to submit to any expunction I insist upon: s is all I can obtain, and I know not whether to make y use of it or not. But as to your apprehension, that y suspicion may arise of my being anywise consentg or concerned in it, I have the pleasure to tell you, e whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain, that it n never be the case. I shall be very desirous to see at the letters are at all events; and I think that must termine my future measures; for till then I can judge *thing*. *The* excessive earnestness the dean has been

in for publishing them, makes me hope they are castigated in some degree, or he must be totally deprived of his understanding. They now offer to send me the originals [which have been so long detained;] and I will accept of them, (though they have done their job,) that they may not have them to produce against me, in case there be any offensive passages in them. If you can give me any advice, do. I wish I could show you what the dean's people, the women, and the bookseller, have done and writ, on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c. The whole thing is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man: how long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the dean's papers; how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas I believe, before, they only intended to do this after his death.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, That I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my

days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. I am, for those few days, yours entirely,

JON. SWIFT.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740.

If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, *Caledon, Dec.* 17, 1740.

GREAT men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like Jupiter, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the choir. I am desired to recommend to you one James Colgan,* aged twenty-five. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you, let Faulkner give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only serve me to present Lady Orrery's most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am,

* One of the vicars-choral of Christ-church and St. Patrick's cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing. H.

dear sir, your ever obliged and obedient humbl
vant,

ORRE

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Jan.* 13, 1740-

YOUR son,* who was with me yesterday, and the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave very melancholy account of your ill health, extr to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, an will please to employ Mr. Swift to answer it, bec am in very great pain about you; for the weathe extremely sharp, that it must needs add to your ders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is no tended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but impatient until your son or daughter gives me hopes. I am ever your assured friend and most ble servant,

JON. SWIF

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

Duke-Street, Westminster, July 7, 174

THANKS to you, dear sir, for your frequent re brance of me by my great friend and patron M George Faulkner: thanks to you for the honours have showed my wife: but above all, thanks to yo

* Mr. Deane Swift. D.S.

ing exercise and taking care of your health. It is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends, I must particularize Mr. Pope: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus;* Doctor King does the same. Thus deities condescend to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor Lord Oxford is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as Margaret to William; or to cities devoted to destruction, as Hector amidst the flames of Troy. The deceased earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money: his lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good nature, and want of worldly wisdom: and there will still remain, after proper sales, and right management, five thousand pounds a year for his widow.

Mr. Cæsar died about two months ago. Mrs. Cæsar is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint.*

Lord Bathurst is at Cirencester, erecting pillars and statues to Queen Anne. Lord Bolingbroke lives in France: posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The duke of Argyll reigns, or ought to reign in Scotland. Such is the state of Europe; but our disappointment in America has cast a gloomy face over London and Westminster. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep dismay at a proper distance; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geese in the park cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmosphere of Whitehall.——What news next? The *weather*—but you certainly know it is hot; for in

truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my head, and is written in the pleasure of thinking of you, yet I sweat to assure you how much I am, dear sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY TO DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

SIR, *Marston, Dec.* 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horror, that on this late occasion have re-called to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall. The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my friendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what they were. I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eyelid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest I wish the soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befal him. His reason will never return; or if it should, it will only be to show him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and

where perfection begins; where Wilsons cannot break in and steal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. While he continues to breathe, he is an example, stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! Doctor Swift beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one Wilson.* But he is not only an example against presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the last minute particles of the hour-glass. A bachelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true

* Dr. Francis Wilson was prebendary of Kilmactolway, and rector of Clondalkin, in the diocese of Dublin, the great tithes of which belong to the deanery of St. Patrick's. Dr. Wilson, who lived in the centre of this prebend and parish, and was well acquainted with the country, farmed these tithes of Dr. Swift on very reasonable terms, greatly to his own advantage. When the dean was much in the decline of life, he invited Dr. Wilson to accept of apartments for himself and his wife in the deanery house at Dublin: where they had very good lodgings, with the benefit of his servants and stables. Dr. Swift's memory failing him greatly at this time, Wilson took the advantage of carrying him to his house at Newland, within four miles of Dublin, and endeavoured to intoxicate him with liquor, which he could not accomplish; and, on their return to Dublin, solicited Dr. Swift to make him subdean of St. Patrick's, and turn out Dr. Wynne, a very worthy and hospitable gentleman, which Dr. Swift refused; on which, Dr. Wilson, in a most outrageous manner, insulted the dean, beat him very severely, took him by the throat, and would have choaked him, had it not been for the dean's footman and coachman, who rescued him out of the hands of Wilson. This affair made a great noise; Wilson was forbidden the dean's house, and died soon after. To this same "beast in human shape," as Lord Orrery justly calls him, Dr. Swift had bequeathed "the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the earl of Clarendon's History in three folio volumes, and my best bible, together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard." F.

a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement; nor had the dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or, in other words, had Stella lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. Whiteway; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs. Ridgeway. The rest—but I shall run on for ever, and I set out at first only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the dean's unhappy state.

MR. FAULKNER TO MR. BOWYER.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 1, 1745.

THE bank note for one hundred guineas came safe to hand. Enclosed you have part of the "Advice to Servants." I wish I could get franks to send it in. Fix your day of publication, and I will wait until you are ready, that we may both come out the same day. I think the middle of November will do very well, as your city as well as Dublin, will be full at that time. I shall finish the volume* with a cantata† of the dean's, set to

* See vol. XI. of this edition. N.

† Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls illicit *imitation*, observes, that "this abuse of a noble art did not escape *the* satire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of music, was not

music, which, in my opinion, will have a greater run with the lovers of harmony than any of the Corelli's, Vivaldi's, Purcell's, or Handel's pieces. When Arne, the famous composer, was last in Ireland, he made application to me for this cantata (which I could not then procure) to set it to music: perhaps he may do it now, and bring it on the stage; which, if he does, will run more than the Beggar's Opera; and therefore I would have you get it engraved in folio, with scores for bass, &c. which will make it sell very well. I believe you might get something handsome for it from Rich, or the managers of Drury-lane, for which I shall send you the original MS. I am thus particular, that you may have the profit to yourself, as you will have the trouble. I was in daily expectation, for six weeks, of going to London; but was prevented by many accidents; I cannot say business, for I never had less, as Mr. Hitch well knows, having had no order from me for two months past. The "Advice to Servants" was never finished by the dean, and is con-

blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compose a cantata in ridicule of this puerile mimickry. Here we have motions imitated, which are the most inharmonious, and the least connected with human affections, as the trotting, ambling and galloping of Pegasus; and sounds the most unmusical, as crackling, and snivelling, and rough roistering rustic roaring strains; the words high and deep have high and deep notes set to them; a series of short notes of equal lengths are introduced, to imitate shivering and shaking; an irregular rant of quick sounds, to express rumbling; a sudden rise of the voice, from a low to a high pitch, to denote flying above the sky; a ridiculous run of chromatic divisions on the words Celia dies; with other droll contrivances of a like nature. In a word, Swift's cantata may convince any person, that music uniformly imitative would be ridiculous. I observe in passing, that the satire of this piece is levelled, not at absurd imitation only, but also at some other musical improprieties; such as the idle repetition of the same words, the running of long extravagant divisions upon one syllable, and the setting of words to music that have *no meaning.*" N.

sequently very incorrect; I believe you may see some Irishisms in it; if so, pray correct them. The dean's friends do not know the manner of an assignment, and desire you will send over the form. The story of the Injured Lady does not make above a sheet; and will vex your northern hardy neighbours more than the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," of which they complained to Queen Anne. As you are famous for writing prefaces, pray help me to one for "Advice to Servants," for which I have not yet printed the title. My best compliments to our friends, and should be obliged to Mr. Dodsley for the two letters; which you may send, under cover, to Samuel Bindon, Esq. at my house. I am whimsical, and send you the beginning of "Advice," &c. and the remainder to Mr. Hitch, that you may print it immediately. I think it might be printed without the "Injured Lady," as your volume will make the better figure with original pieces; but this I submit to your better judgment.

I long much to see London, although I have no other business than to visit my friends, and do them any service in my power; and if I can be useful to you in England or Ireland, pray let me know, and I will do it. I would not have you advertise until two or three days before you publish, in which I wish you all imaginable success; and am, dear sir, your faithful friend, and obliged humble servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DR. SWIFT, IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.*

SIR, *Neale, Feb.* 14, 1750.

I HAVE at last finished, what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect: for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious Père Castle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakspeare; and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, Sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since in so doing, they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves, a succession of

* *By Sir John Browne, of the county of Mayo.* E.

such useful persons in society. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted a hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horsecourse, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to the Heavens; and, on the die of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend:

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. VIRI SINE PARI.
AONIDVM FONTES APERIS, DIVINE POETA,
ARTE NOVA: ÆTHEREAS PROPRIIS, VT PEGASVS, ALIS
SCANDE DOMOS: ÆTERNVM ADDET TVA FAMA COLVMNÆ
HVIC MEMORI DECVS. HIC, TANTI QVAM POSSVMVS VMBRAM
NOMINIS IN MENTEM, SACRO REVOCARE QVOTANNIS
LVDORVM RITV IVVAT; HIC TIBI PARVVS HONORVM
OFFERTVR CVMVLVS: LAVDVM QVO FINE TVARVM
COPIA CLAVDATVR QVI QVÆRIT, GENTIS IERNÆ
PECTORA SCRVTETVR, LATVMQVE INTERROGET ORBEM.
MDCCL.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the first of May, yearly. On this day, young *maids* and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in *the hippo*drome, with their garlands and chaplets of

flowers, and to dance round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place: after which, they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribbands; and, after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the most regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filley, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also. Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds: and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who, with so much care and tenderness, recommended them to others, and cherished them himself. I am, dear sir,

Your humble servant,

J. B.

*Extract from Lord Bolingbroke's will, in which his writings are bequeathed to Mr. Mallet.**

And whereas I am the author of the several books or tracts following:

Remarks on the History of England, from the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In twenty-four letters.

A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen letters, to Caleb d'Anvers, Esq.

The Occasional Writer. Number 1, 2, 3.

The Vision of Camilik.

An Answer to the London Journal of December 21, 1728, by John Trot.

An Answer to the Defence of the Inquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

All which books or tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of "Four Letters on History," &c. which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy or liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to David Mallet, of Putney, in the county of Surrey, esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said David Mallet, the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed,

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the two letters that *immediately* follow, may be seen in the note annexed to Lord Bolingbroke's letter, vol. xvii. p. 17. N.

or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I farther give to the said David Mallet all my books, which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

LORD HYDE TO DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

Paris, March 7, N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from England, sir, that Lord Bolingbroke has left his manuscripts to you.* His friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great Lord Bacon; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public, I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the History of the great Transactions of Europe, from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an appli-

* His lordship died Dec. 15, 1751. Lord Hyde having heard at Paris of Lord Bolingbroke's legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. Mallet, wrote from that city the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow Mallet, with the manuscript of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical works, to the British Museum, *in order to justify* her husband's integrity in the edition of them.

cation which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of Lord Bolingbroke. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. Pope, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off, by a private press, some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. Pope kept, and sent another to Lord Bolingbroke. Sir William Wyndham, Lord Bathurst, Lord Marchmont, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Lyttelton, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which Lord Bolingbroke himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy, which is in my possession. I enlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to Lord Bolingbroke, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty, to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke, to myself, and to the world too, to say something more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to its author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the

least indifferent both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord Bolingbroke's mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of religion particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions on that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents) his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that even in a political light only he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in men's minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, sir, that for the world's sake, and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated farther. And you see that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it

ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of the work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raise new storms to his memory.

I am, sir,

Your very humble servant,

HYDE.

MR. MALLET TO LORD HYDE.

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness, than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my Lord

Bolingbroke had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ entirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve.

I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c.

LETTERS

OF

UNCERTAIN DATE.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Wednesday, (year uncertain.)

DEAR DEAN,

When we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it, you were sure I should have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

FROM THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

Monday Morning, (year uncertain.)

DEAR DEAN,

I shall embark for England to-morrow. It would be necessary for me to take leave of Lord Molesworth,

on many accounts; and as Young is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would send me your answer, and believe me

Sincerely your faithful friend and servant,
WHARTON.

P. S. If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for, being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as to never give me time to ask a favour; but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She has forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general because you had courage and con-

duct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the usual method of court proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's.

The archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found success in that journey; else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, "That, not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you." It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that "you know not where to lay your head;" and I think you have no house. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and showing my depending parsons a letter from the earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

BY DR. SWIFT;

BUT WHEN OR TO WHOM WRITTEN IS UNCERTAIN.

Every squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the *clergy*; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all public *works*; very proud; and generally illiterate. Two

neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want two hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconveniency to the other) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency; which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality; that whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The esquires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as Alexander or Cæsar. For instance, the great Conolly,* the great Wesley,† the great Damer.‡

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner: Sir, I am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men. Which I take to be just of a piece with Harlequin's swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: the former brangling about their meres and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

*Speaker of the house of commons. H.

† Garret Wesley, Esq. H.

‡ Joseph Damer, Esq. of the county of Tipperary. H.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN TOWERS,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PATRICK'S, AT POWERS-COURT, NEAR BRAY.

SIR,

I CANNOT imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400*l.* more expense. I am sorry it should cost you two pence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine on purpose to delay, or make abortive, those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well, I would counterfeit myself sick, as Toby Matthews, archbishop of York, used to do when all the bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and, therefore, consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and spunge upon you, as poor as you are, for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore, be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon; and, as the rogues of workmen go on, I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among *you?* I believe neither his father nor mother know any *thing* of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Ache-

son, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders, got by cards, and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sackfuls of such knights and such sons are, in my mind, neither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing. I am, sir, with great truth, your obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

A

TRANSLATION

OF

THE FRENCH LETTERS IN THIS WORK.

MR. LE CLERC TO MR. ADDISON.*

SIR, *Amsterdam, Feb.* 12, 1709.

I DID myself the honour to write to you at the beginning of the present year, to beg you would be so good as to inform me of a particular affair, of which it behoved me to get the earliest intelligence; and yet I have no answer from you. I have only been informed that you have resigned the post you lately held, in order to go over to Ireland as secretary to Lord Wharton. I wish you joy upon this event, presuming that the latter employ is preferable to the former; though I am very sensible that I shall be a loser by your removal. Still I wish you all manner of satisfaction in your new office; and heartily pray that God may crown all your enterprizes with success. The favour I begged of you, was to send me the family name, and titles, of my Lord Halifax; and to ask himself, if you thought proper, whether he would permit me to dedicate my Livy to him. As you had signified to me, by Mr. Philips, that you had forgot the sheet which I wanted in Mr. Rymer's collec-

* See the original, vol. XV. N.

tion, I had sent you word that it is the sheet 10 T, or the four pages immediately preceding the index of names in the first tome. If you have got it since, be so good as to send it to Messrs. Toutton and Stuiguer, carefully folded up, and directed to me. I suppose this letter will find you still at London, because it is reported that Lord Wharton will not set out till toward the month of April. There is nothing new here, in the republic of letters, worth your notice. The jesuits of Paris have passed a severe censure on father Hardouin's opinions, and obliged him to retract them in a very ignominious manner. We shall see what will be the consequence. I should be glad I could be of any service to you here; you would then see how sincerely I am, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

J. LE CLERC.

TO MR. GIRALDI.*

SIR, *Dublin, Feb.* 25, 1714-15.

I TAKE the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanery, and professor of a college in this university, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among catholics. And after all, sir, it is but just that since you have borrowed our English frankness and sincerity to ingraft on your Italian politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also permit me to beg you will be so

* Mr. Giraldi was secretary to the duke of Tuscany. See the original, *vol. XVI. N.*

kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the grand duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you, that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country house in Berkshire; from whence, after the melancholy event, I came over to Ireland, where I now reside upon my deanery, and with christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in England, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part, I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, sir, yours, &c.

TO VANESSA.*

May 12, 1719.

I MAKE you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is necessary to know you long, in order to know all your accomplishments: by perpetually seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. It is a reproach to me, that I know only the Gascon and Patois in comparison of you. There is nothing to be objected, either as to

* See the original, vol. XVI. N.

the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language, you who are incapable of any folly, unless it be the esteem that you are pleased to entertain for me; for it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal; that is to say, honour, virtue, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul; but by concealing yourself, as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions. Ever since I had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the most severe criticisms, I never have been able to find the least fault, either in your actions, or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of human kind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you! On seeing, on hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a misfortune to be the occasion of bringing down contempt on so many women; who, but for the thoughts of you, would be a little tolerable! But it is time to put an end to this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity and esteem, yours.

FROM THE ABBE DES FONTAINES.*

SIR, *Paris, July* 4, 1727.

I HAVE the honour to send to you the second edition of your work, which I have translated into French. I should have sent you the first, had I not been obliged, for reasons which I am not at liberty to tell you, to insert a passage in the preface, which you would not have been pleased with, and which indeed I inserted much against my inclinations. As the book has made its way without opposition, these reasons no longer subsist, and I have expunged this passage in the second edition, as you will find. I have likewise altered the passage relating to my Lord Carteret, concerning which I had received false intelligence. In many parts you will easily see that my translation is not exact; but what pleases in England, has not always the same effect in France; either because our manners are different, or because the allusions and allegories, that strike people in one country, do not make the same impression in another; or, in fine, because the two nations do not always agree in taste. My intention was to present my countrymen with a book, which might be of use to them; and this has made me take some liberties in varying from the original. I have been even so free as to make some additions, according as I found my own imagination raised by yours. To you only I am indebted for the honour this translation does me; a translation that has been sold with amazing rapidity, for there have been already three editions of it. I have conceived so high an esteem for you, and so greatly am I obliged to you, that if you are not entirely satisfied with the suppression I made in this

* See the original, vol. XVII. N.

edition, I am still ready to go any farther length, in order to cancel the memory of that part of the preface: as for the rest, I beg you will pay due attention to the justice I have done you in that very preface.

We flatter ourselves that we shall soon have the honour of seeing you in this capital. All your friends are impatient for your arrival. Nothing else is talked of: and all Paris eagerly expects this agreeable event. Do not defer giving us this pleasure; you will see a nation that holds you in the highest esteem. In the mean time I claim the honour of your friendship, and beg you will be persuaded, that no one respects you more than myself; being, with the profoundest regard and esteem, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

THE ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Dr. Arbuthnot has been so good as to undertake to deliver this letter to you, together with the copy of your work, which I have the honour of sending you.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.*

SIR, *August*, 1727.

It is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July; but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first; and give me leave to tell you, that I was very much surprised to find, that at the same

* See the original, vol. XVII. p. 133. N.

time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name, as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behaviour, however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining, perhaps, that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors, whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which rendered all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book, an enterprise more difficult than to write a good one, you have ventured to publish the translation of a work, which you affirm to abound with nonsense, puerilities, &c. We think with you, that nations do not always agree in taste; but are inclined to believe, that good taste is the same, wherever there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the travels of Gulliver are calculated only for the British islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and follies prevail in all countries; at least, in all the civilized parts of Europe: and an author, who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This Gulliver's adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge, that the people I have been speaking of do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprised, when I inform you, that they regard this sea surgeon as a grave author, who never departs from his character, and who uses no foreign embellishment, never pretends to set up for a wit, but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befel him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to Lord Carteret, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that you have written only one half of the truth; and that this real, or supposed Drapier, has saved Ireland, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project, by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expense.

A series of accidents have intervened, which will prevent my going to France at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains, is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground, to which fortune has condemned me, &c.

FROM LADY BOLINGBROKE.*

Dawley, Feb. 1, 1726-7.

I HAVE been told, sir, that you complain of having received no letters from me. You do me wrong: I

* See the original, vol. XVII. p. 109. N.

treat you as one of the deities, who keep an account with mankind of their intentions. It is about ten years since I proposed writing to you; before I had the honour of knowing you, the idea, which I had formed of your gravity, restrained me: since I have had the honour of seeing you, I never could find spirit enough to venture upon it. A certain gentleman, named Gulliver, had put this poor imagination of mine, which is so depressed by the air of London, and by conversations of which I know only the sound, a little in motion: I was desirous of seizing the moment, in order to write to you, but I fell ill, and have been so perpetually for these three months. I avail myself, therefore, sir, of the first return of my health, to thank you for your reproaches, which I am very proud of, and to say a word to you concerning my friend Gulliver. I learn, with great satisfaction, that he has just been translated into French; and as my residence in England has considerably increased my love for my own country and its inhabitants, I am delighted that they now can participate in the pleasure which that good gentleman has given me, and that they can profit by his discoveries. I am not without hopes, that the twelve ships, which France has just fitted out, may be destined for an embassy to the nation of the Houyhnhnms. In that case I would propose to you, that we should make the voyage together. In the mean time I am pleased with a workman of your country, who, in order to furnish the ladies with fans, which you know, sir, are much used here, has made some, wherein all the adventures of your faithful traveller are represented. You may easily judge what a share he will have in their conversation. This, indeed, will be of great prejudice to the rain and fine weather, which filled up a part of it; and as to myself in particular, I shall be deprived of the words *very cold* and *very*

warm, the few expressions I understand. I reckon to send you some of those fans by one of your friends. You may make a merit of them with your Irish ladies, if you have any occasion for them; which I imagine you have not, at least if they think like the French ladies. His lordship of Dawley, Mr. Pope, and myself, are taken up here in drinking, eating, sleeping, or doing nothing, except praying to God for your welfare. Return this spring to see us; my lord expects your coming with impatience, that he may kill the weightiest ox, and the largest hog, on my farm: both shall be served up whole on your reverence's table, for fear that my cook should in any manner disguise them. You will shine among us at least as much as among your own prebends, and we shall be no less solicitous to please you. I will dispute that point with every body, being, of all persons living, sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

FROM THE SAME.*

SIR,

MR. POPE has given me great pleasure, by assuring me that you are in good health, and showing me a mark of your kind remembrance, in one of your letters. I think you have chosen a wrong time to confine yourself to Dublin, while we reside at Dawley. We should have taken great care of you this winter, and joined together in our aversion to mankind, as much as you pleased; for I do not find they much improve upon a near acquaintance. The French have lately formed

* See the original in vol. XVII. p. 111. N.

in France two theatrical pieces, which are said to have been drawn from Gulliver. They are such wretched stuff, that I shall not send them to you; but it is at least an indication of your honest traveller's having had such success among us, that the name of Gulliver is sufficient to recommend the most paltry performance to the public. Our farmer embraces you: he complains of your going away without giving him an opportunity to take leave of you, and of your omitting to mention a word concerning him, in one of your letters: but I fancy you are like the coquettes, who, presuming on the power of their charms, are indifferent how far they may offend. I can assure you, that all trespasses will be forgiven you upon the receipt of the very first letter, and still more readily upon the very first hope that we shall see you again. Adieu; take care of yourself, and we shall be satisfied. I have no notion of sending you any news from this country; I am here a stranger more than ever; and I should never think of being naturalized in any other spot, but where I could spend my days in your company.

MR. VOLTAIRE TO THE COUNT DE MORVILLE,*

MINISTER AND SECRETARY OF STATE, AT VERSAILLES.

MY LORD, *June*, 1727.

HITHERTO I have confined myself to a tacit admiration of your management of the public affairs of Europe; but it is impossible for a person, who has your

* See the original, vol. XII.

glory so much at heart, and for whom you have a sincere affection, to keep silence any longer, and not to present his sincere compliments to you upon the wisdom of your conduct.

Besides, I could not decline the honour which the celebrated Dean Swift does me, in offering to deliver this letter to your lordship. I am sensible that he is already known to you by fame, and that you are desirous of his acquaintance. He does honour to a nation which you highly esteem. You have perused the translations of several pieces attributed to him; and who is more capable than you, my lord, of discovering the beauties of an original, even through the veil of an inelegant version? I apprehend you will not be sorry to dine in company with Dean Swift, and the president Henault: and I also flatter myself, that the liberty I take in introducing to your acquaintance one of the most extraordinary men that England ever produced; one who is most capable of forming a just idea of your truly great qualities, will be considered by you as a token of my sincere attachment to your person.

I shall ever remain, with the most profound respect and esteem, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

VOLTAIRE.

In the Picture Gallery at Oxford, is placed the Portrait of Mr. Pope, with this Inscription :

ALEXANDER POPE, ARMIGER.
ET
QVOD EXIMIO APVD ERVDITAS NOMINI
INVIDENDAM ATTVLIT DIGNITATIS
ACCESSIONEM,
EFFIGIEM DEDIT,
ET VIRVM COHONESTAVIT,
A. D. MDCCXXII,
HONORATISSIMVS
EDWARDVS COMES OXON. ET MORTIMER.

In English :

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQUIRE.
And, what gives to a name admired by
the Learned
An Accession of Dignity even to be envied,
This Shadow was presented,
And the Original honoured,
A. D. MDCCXXII,
By the Right Honourable
Edward Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

A Portrait of Dr. Swift, presented to the University of Oxford, by the late John Barber, Esq. is placed in the Picture Gallery there, with this Inscription:

IONATHAN SWIFT,
DECAN. R. PATRIC. DVBL.
EFFIGIEM VIRI MVSIS AMICISSIMI,
INGENIO PRORSVS SIBI PROPRIO CELEBERRIMI,
VT IPSVM SVIS OXONIENSIBVS ALIQVATENVS
REDONARET,
PARIETEM HABERE VOLVIT BODLEIANVM,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
IOHANNES BARBER, ARMIGER,
ALDERMANNVS,
NEC ITA PRIDEM PRAETOR LONDINENSIS.

In English:

JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.
This portrait of the Muses' friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himself,
That he might in some sort be restored to his Oxford
Friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian gallery,
A. D. MDCCXXXIX,
At the desire of JOHN BARBER, Esquire,
Alderman, and some time Lord Mayor of London.

After this general Oxford testimony of the dean, in which that university affectionately asserts her right to him as no degenerate son, we shall subjoin that of another writer, whom, it is said, she refused to accept as an adopted one.

"The religious author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reservoir of fools and madmen; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will answer for the state, that it is a den of savages and cut-throats. What think you, reader? is not the system round and great? and now the fig-leaf is so clearly plucked off, what remains, but bravely to strike away the rotten staff, that yet keeps our old doting parents on their last legs?

"Seriously, let it be as *they* say, that ridicule and satire are the supplement of public laws; should not, then, the ends of both be the same, the benefit of mankind? but where is the sense of a general satire, if the whole species be degenerated? And where is the justice of it if it be not? The punishment of lunatics is as wise as the one; and a general execution as honest as the other. In short, a general satire, the work only of ill men or little geniuses, was proscribed of old both by the critic and the magistrate, as an offence equally against justice and common sense." A Critical and Philosophical Inquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles, &c. Lond. 1727, p. 33, supposed to be written by the right reverend author of the Divine Legation of Moses: which is the more probable, because we find, in the dedication to the latter, p. 15, a similar censure on another part of this collection, in these words:

"However, once on a time a great wit set upon this task; [ridiculing a love of public liberty] he undertook to laugh at this very virtue, and that so successfully, that *he* set the whole nation a laughing with him. What *mighty* engine, you will ask, was employed to put in mo-

tion so large a body, and for so extraordinary a cause? In truth, a very simple one: a discourse, of which all the wit consists in the title; and that too skulking, as you will see, under one unlucky word. Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indispensable duty of *cuckoldom*, incumbent upon wives, in case of the tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands.* Now, had the merry reader been but so wise as to reflect, that reason was the test of ridicule, and not ridicule the test of truth, he would have been to rectify the proposition, and to state it fairly thus: The indispensable duty of *divorce*, &c. And then the joke had been over, before the laugh could have begun.

Another author, however, who is allowed by the bishop to be no ill judge of the province of ridicule, speaks of the former work in somewhat more moderate terms:

"There is not perhaps in any language a bolder or more formidable, than the well known apologue of the Tale of a Tub. Its manifest design is to recommend the English church, and to disgrace the two extremes of popery and puritanism.† Now, if we consider this exquisite piece of raillery as a test of truth, we shall find it impotent and vain. For the question still recurs, whether Martin be a just emblem of the English nation, Jack of the Scotch, or Peter of the Roman church. All the points in debate between the several parties are taken for granted in the representation: and we must have re-

* History of John Bull, part i. chap. 13. W. B.

† "Some indeed have pretended otherwise. The pious author of the Independent Whig affirms [with the above author of the Critical Inquiry] that it was an open attack upon Christianity, &c. where, by the way, the contrast is remarkable enough, that he should pronounce the Tale of a Tub to be a libel on Christianity, while it is in fact a Vindication of our Ecclesiastical Establishment; and at the same time entitle his own book, a Vindication of our Ecclesiastical Establishment, *while it is* in fact a libel on Christianity." W. B.

course to argument, and that alone, ere we can det the merits of the question.

"If we next consider this master-piece of w mode of eloquence, we shall find it indeed of gr cacy in confirming every member of the church c land in his own communion, and in giving him a th distaste of those of Scotland and Rome. And sc this may be regarded as a matter of public utility the ridicule may be laudable.

"But if we extend our views so as to compre larger plan of moral use; we shall find this me such as charity can hardly approve of: for by senting the one of these churches under the chars craft and knavery, the other under that of incurabl ness, it must needs tend to inspire every member English church who believes the representatio such hatred of the one, and contempt of the othe prevent all friendly debate, and rational remonst

"Its effects on those who hold the doctrines of er of Rome, must be yet worse: unless it can be that the way to attract the love and convince th son of mankind, is to show that we hate or despis While they revere what we deride, it is plain, not both view the subject in the same light: and we deride what appears to us contemptible, we what to them appears sacred. They will theref cuse us of misrepresenting their opinions, and abho unjust and impious.

"Thus, although this noted apologue be indeed dication of our English church, yet it is such been better spared: because its natural effect is to prejudice, and inspire the contending parties wi tual distaste, contempt, and hatred."*

* Dr. Browne's Essays on the Characteristics, Essay 1. v 100. W. B.

According to one of these writers, the Tale of a Tub is a ridicule of all religion; according to the other, it is a defence of our constitution in church and state, but with an unlawful weapon. And yet how few controversialists do not make use of this weapon when they can lay hold of it! which of them keep themselves within the strict rules of pleadings in the Areopagus?

BOWYER.

WHATEVER may be thought of the dean as a divine, all agree in their eulogium of him as a writer.

"Few characters could have afforded so great a variety of faults and beauties. Few men have been more known and admired, or more envied or censured, than Dr. Swift. From the gifts of nature he had great powers; and from the imperfections of humanity, he had many failings. I always considered him as an abstract and brief chronicle of the times; no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the highest and in the lowest scenes of life. His friends and correspondents were the greatest and most eminent men of the age. The sages of antiquity were often the companions of his closet; and although he industriously avoided an ostentation of learning, and generally chose to draw his materials from his own store; yet his knowledge in the ancient authors evidently appears, from the strength of his sentiments, and the classic correctness of his style. If we consider his prose works, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness in their style, that has never been equalled by any other writer. His poetical performances ought to be considered as occasional poems, written either to please or to vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity; if he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire."

ORRERY.

"The character of his life will appear like that of his writings. They will both bear to be re-considered and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellencies upon every examination. They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulance, ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy, interpose, to cloud or sully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce, that the eclipse will not last long. No man ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his; a steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor, under many severe trials, and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune!—He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to Ireland."

Delany.

"It happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved on this design, a gentleman had written predictions, and two or three pieces in my name, which had rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour, raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at. By this good fortune the name of Isaac Bickerstaff gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit."

Steele, Dedication to the first volume of Tattlers.

"My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life: and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live; which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, are equal to his wit; and require as good and as true a taste to be equally valued." Pope, Letter to the earl of Orrery, March 17, 1736.

"He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,
The strictest critic, and the kindest friend."

TICKELL, Prospect of Peace.

"It is now about fifty years," says Dr. Lowth, Gramm. p. iv, "since Dr. Swift made a public remonstrance, addressed to the earl of Oxford, then lord treasurer, of the imperfect state of our language; alleging in particular, that in many instances it offended against every part of Grammar.*—Swift must be allowed to have been a good judge of this matter; to which he was himself very attentive, both in his own writings, and his remarks upon those of his friends: he is one of the most correct, and perhaps, the best of our prose writers."

"SWIFT's style has this peculiarity, not to have one metaphor in his works. His images are surprisingly unexpected, and exhibited in their true, genuine, native form: this strikes the greatest; and, being fetched generally from common life, they captivate the lowest of the people." MELMOTH.

"Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit secur'd his aim."

SHENSTONE.

"THE writer, who gives us the best idea of what may be called the genteel in style and manner of writing, is,

* See Swift's Letter to the earl of Oxford, vol. vi. N.

in my opinion, my Lord Shaftesbury. Then Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift."

SHENSTONE's Essays on Men, Manners, and Things, p. 175.

"SWIFT in poetry deserves a place somewhere between Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epistles and satires." Ibid. p. 205.

"You have with you three or four of the best English authors, Dryden, Atterbury, and Swift; read them with the utmost care, and with a particular view to their language." CHESTERFIELD, Letter clxxi.

"UNLESS you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift."
YOUNG, Ep. to Pope.

"LET such at SWIFT with stupid folly rail,
Who dull can read unmov'd his comic tale:
All that have taste will deep attention lend,
To that which Carteret and which Pope commend."
ANONYM.

*** Much more might be added; but the reputation of the dean is too well established to need any farther encomium.

END OF VOL. TWENTY.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, PRINTER,
Water-street, New-York.

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